WALKER'S

HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE:

OR,

Compendium of Entertaining Knowledge.

FOR MARCH, 1808.

We truſt a beautiful Deſcriptive Engraving of his Grace the DUKE of RICHMOND laying the Firſt Stone of NELSON'S PILLAR, will be acceptable to our Readers. (For Account ſee Page 123, of February Magazine.

The Proprietor cannot avoid again preſenting his ſincere and reſpectful thanks to his friends and the public for the decided and liberal patronage with which they have honored this publication—and as the beſt proof of his gratitude for theſe favors which they have conferred upon him, he has juſt formed in this department ſuch arrangements, as, he flatters himſelf, will render the work ſuperiorly novel, inſtructive, and intereſting.

Biographical Sketch of Mrs. STEWART. (With a Portrait.)

WE have ſeldom felt greater ſatisfaction in publiſhing the likeneſs of a theatrical performer, than we feel upon the preſent occaſion. Mrs. Stewart has, for ſeveral years, been a favourite with the frequenters of the Dublin theatre, and there is at preſent, every proſpect of her continuing ſo.

The circumſtances under which this young lady is placed, are ſuch as muſt excite very general ſympathy. Deprived of her huſband, and left with three children, whoſe comfort and ſupport, of courſe, depend upon her profeſſional exertions *alone!* unleſs thoſe exertions are encouraged by the foſtering hand of the Iriſh public, the name of philanthropy which we have long borne, will be deſtroyed, and our future claims to that character will be moſt generally queſtioned or refuſed.

Mrs. Stewart has been inſtructed in muſic by our countryman, mr. Michael Kelly.—Her voice is ſtrong and capable of expreſſing much variety.—Her action is animated, and her manner calculated altogether for the lighter parts in comedy, and the gay and youthful characters in comic opera, for which the moſt certainly is peculiarly adapted.—In ſhort, no theatre can boaſt of a female performer whoſe peculiar talents are more eſſential to the intereſts of the manager, and the entertainment of the public.

Britiſh Theatre.

COVENT-GARDEN.

A NEW comedy was performed on Tueſday, February 9th, under the whimſical appellation of '*Begone Dull Care; or, How will it end?*'

CHARACTERS.

Lord Bluſhdale, mr. Fawcett; Sir Arthur St. Aubyn, mr. Pope; Algernon St. Aubyn (his ſon), mr. C. Kemble; Captain Modern, mr. Lewis; Solace, mr. Emery; Danvers, mr. Brunton; Legis, mr. Creſwell; Gregory, mr. Simmons;

Selina (Sir Arthur's niece and ward), miſs Smith; Cicely, miſs Norton; Deborah (houſekeeper to Lord Bluſhdale), mrs. Davenport.

This piece is underſtood to be the compoſition of mr. Reynolds, who ſeems to have perſuaded himſelf that, in theſe perilous times of criticiſm, the beſt chance of ſafety for an author is to fight under a maſk. In this ſentiment we concur with him; for as much of the influence and popularity of his name is abated, and has, in ſome meaſure, been ſuperſeded by a moſt unjuſt hoſtility towards him, it was a matter of prudent choice to come forward *in cog*, and ſupplicate as a candidate for anonymous fame.

It gives us great pleaſure to be juſtified in declaring that the preſent piece does not diſgrace him. In ſucceſsful intricacy, and the dexterous conduct of plot, this comedy is ſuperior to any he has produced. Curioſity is firſt put in motion be means perfectly dramatic; by ingenuity which has the truth of nature and the grace of art. The myſtery collects new ſhades as the fable advances, and thickens into an impenetrable cloud; and the cataſtrophe, by a developement as natural as ingenious, and by a progreſs neither too abrupt, nor too artificial, diſſipates the darkneſs, and reſtores light and harmony to the whole.

But with the plot we muſt take leave of all commendation of this piece. Of character, which is the main feature of comedy, and to which fable ſhould always be ſubordinate, it poſſeſſes neither the ſubſtance nor the ſhadow. All the creatures of the fable, in one mode or another, are in the extreme of caricature. *Solace* is a character whom we neither know nor imagine; he is burniſhed up with ſentiment that would ſicken a German audience, and '*does deeds*' which would diſguſt in romance. Here is a caricature on the part of gravity; and with reſpect to humour, the part of *Lord Bluſhdale* is equally extravagant. He is a mere farcical outline, traced from *Lord Duberly*, in *The Heir at Law*. He ſays nothing that is humourous, and does nothing that is natural. He is only farcical becauſe he is drawn out of nature and truth. The author has miſtaken extravagance for thoſe deviations which excite ridicule. The farcical and fooliſh are very nearly allied; but here they are identified.

Captain Modern is a very flimſy gentleman, and is rendered more abſurd by being exhibited in the character of a ſatiriſt.

Mr. Reynolds is as much incapacitated by his general benevolence of nature, as by his talents, for ſatire. The wip in his hand is without a laſh. But if ſometimes, tempted by a lucky mark, he lets fly his arrow, like the javelin of Priam it falls to the ground without effect. There is neither venom in the ſhaft, nor vigour in his bow.

With reſpect to dialogue, what we have obſerved above will beſt explain its merits. The ſerious part was better written, and the lighter part is better acted.

The comedy was received with unmixed

unmixed approbation; and if we may preſume from the ſucceſs of ſimilar pieces, it will doubtleſs be popular.

DRURY-LANE.

A new opera was brought forward at this theatre, on Thurſday, February 11th, under the title of '*Kais; or, Love in the Deſarts.*'

CHARACTERS.

Amri, mr. Raymond, Ahmed, mr. Powell; Kais, mr. Braham; Almanzor, mr. Lyon; Almoran, mr. Banniſter; Raſhed, mr. Mathews; Salem, mr. Kelly; Prince of Egypt, mr. Putnam; Oſmar, mr. Smith; Haſſan, mr. Dignum; Hali, mr. Cooke.

Leila, mrs. Mountain; Rozella, Signora Storace; an old Slave, miſs Tidſwell.

SCENE—Cairo, its environs and Deſarts.

To this opera there is no author's name appended, and the writer, whoever he be, ſhould court as much obſcurity as poſſible: he ſhould involve himſelf in darkneſs, and fly from ſucceſs into the ſhades.

As a literary compoſition it is the moſt inſipid and ſtupid piece that has ever been produced upon the ſtage. To ſpeak of it according to the thermometrical ſcale, we ſhould ſay it was a degree below *nought*. Such is its chilly dullneſs and torpid ſtupidity, that it muſt be claſſed at an immeaſurable diſtance beneath even the freezing point.

An opera, we know, has a kind of prerogative for nonſenſe, and a happy exemption from the burthen of good ſenſe. But a common *modicum* is reaſonable allowed and demanded, and the muſic of the preſent piece, whatever may be its quality, might have borne up againſt the preſſure of a great deal more.

Is the oppoſition of ſenſe and ſound ſo neceſſarily invincible, that muſic can only flouriſh by the ſacrifice of reaſon, and ſong levy no tribute but in the realms of nonſenſe?

Gay, Bickerſtaff, and Sheridan, have ſhewn us what can be done for the Engliſh opera by men of genius; why then is the manufacture, in theſe times, aſſigned to writers of ſo different a deſcription?

The preſent opera has no fable; the courſe of its narrative is the change of its ſcenes: its incidents are the termination of its acts.—There is a flight and a purſuit; a dramatic hue and cry; buſtle in abundance. There are men who march and women who ſing.

That this opera has been tolerated is to be imputed wholly to its muſic, which is the compoſition of Reeve and Braham; two names of great eminence.

Its character is ſomewhat equivocal.—It is a mixture of the Engliſh oratoria and the Italian opera; but it has no reſemblance to the ſimplicity, and very little of the pure harmony of our native melody.

It has every commixture and variety of ſpecies, from the attempt at the ſimple ballad to the ſwelling chorus, and ſolemn recitative.

But juſtice compels us to ſay, notwithſtanding our reſpect and kindneſs for theſe popular compoſers, that it is unſuitable to our Engliſh opera, and utterly uncongenial with an Engliſh taſte.

It is compoſed more to the powers of Braham's voice, than to the genius of the ſentiment, or the juſt principles of the ſcience of harmony. It is muſic ſuperſeded by, and rendered tributary to ſong; and not ſong maintained in its proper ſubordination to muſic.—It ſeems compoſed after the utterance of a voice, ſwelling in irregular magnificence, and burſting forth in unſtudied and voluable harmony: it ſeems as if compoſed from Braham's own ſinging. His notes have been caught at the moment of utterance, and been pen-

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ned down in their tranſic. He has firſt ſung; and then, and not till then, has the muſic been compoſed.

In a word, this muſic is compoſed, not to the ſcience, but to the particular powers and taſte of Braham. This of courſe is productive of much monotony and ſameneſs. Almoſt every ſong is the ſame; and nothing is ſtudied in the compoſition but the effect of his voice. The muſic, therefore, for the moſt part, is affected, and ſeldom natural; full of ambitious ornament, and the meretricious graces of a falſe taſte.

Such is our candid opinion of the character of the muſic of this opera; in which, as may be ſuppoſed, Braham ſhines in a manner which has hitherto never been equalled. He himſelf was the opera.—He ſuſtained it; and he himſelf will be its only ſource of popularity.

The ſcenery of this piece was exquiſitely beautiful, rich, and varied. It had all the fidelity of local ſcenery, and the extent, and apparent accuracy, of panorama painting.—The managers have indeed ſhewn a brave contempt of money and of trouble, and deſerve, on their parts, every degree of ſucceſs.

13. Mr. Ruſſell made his firſt appearance in Captain Abſolute, in the comedy of the Rivals; but the gentleman's character ſits awkwardly upon him: and for a gentleman to ſay *ſtoopid* for *ſtupid* is quite unpardonable, though we do not deny that a precedent might be found for it; but the ſtage ſhould amend, not countenance error. Of Dowton's Sir Anthony Abſolute, we can only ſpeak in terms of the moſt unqualified commendation: it was *chaſte* and natural. Mr. Banniſter and mr. Johnſtone were equally excellent in Acres and Sir Lucius O'Trigger: and the ſweet ſimplicity of mrs. H. Siddons was admirably calculated to give effect to the tender and intereſting Julia.

King's Theatre.

'*THE* differences of the opera proprietors have been ſo far accomodated that the houſe was opened on the ſecond of January; when madame Catalani came forward in the favourite opera of *Semiramide*, the muſic of which was compoſed by Portogallo, expreſſly for herſelf.

'Her talents were alone conſidered and not her recent conduct; ſhe was applauded therefore as ſhe merited for the one, but not condemned as ſhe deſerved for the other. It ſeems a kind of faſhion to put up with the inſolence of a ſinger, and a foreigner; and it is a diſgrace to the national feelings that madame Catalani, inſtead of being preſented with a *carte blanche* from the opera managers, had not been ſaluted with a warrant from the *alien office*.

'The opera-houſe does more to frivolize and corrupt the national taſte than any other amuſement of the age.—It makes our old men fools, and our young men *dilettantes*;—and, too often, ſomething worſe.

'A woman of quality gives more money in one ſeaſon for her opera box, than ſhe ſpends in uſeful purpoſes all the reſt of her life. The rent of one of theſe PAINTED STYES exceeds the annual income of two ſcore of Welſh curates. And amongſt whom does the money go? Amongſt ſingers, whoſe beſt character in the country is that of being ſpies; and to dancers, who get paid, and wiſh the nation at the devil.

'With reſpect to madame Catalani we make no preſent application.—She may be a good character, but ſhe is intolerably inſolent.

'The enſuing muſical ſeaſon is likely to be full of buſtle, as Billington boldly enter the liſts in competition with Catalani."

Liſh

Iriſh Theatricals.

ON Friday, the 10th, was performed the play of 'Rule a Wife and have a Wife,' with the entertainment of 'The Tale of Myſtery'—this being almoſt the only comedy of ſo early a date which is ſuffered to ſhew its face in a modern theatre, we ſhall be cautious in detailing our opinion of its merits or demerits, any more than we ſhall attempt to defend the propriety of its preſent coſtume, or the manner in which the characters are repreſented, leſt we might incur a charge of blaſphemy from theſe few who dogmatically decide on the conception and execution of the *old ſchool*, to the prejudice of both the authors and actors of the preſent hour:—with them we ſhall not enter the liſts, but confine ourſelves to a brief retroſpect of what immediately comes before us on the boards of Crow-ſtreet.

To begin then with mrs Edwin* (for the ladies ſhall lead the way) we confeſs ourſelves at a loſs for language to convey to our readers an adequate idea of the vivacity, taſte, wit, and judgment, which ſhe evinced in the part of Eſtifania—never did ſhe appear to more advantage—never were her inimitable powers more happily diſplayed: conceiving the character, as we believe, the author intended it, her execution of it was

N O T E.

'* 'Tis worth recording, that in the fifth act of the play where Eſtifania feigns a fear of Michael Perez putting her to death, ſaying '*I know you'll kill me!*' an honeſt Hibernian [clad in frize and armed with a cudgel) who had made his way to the orcheſtra, over which he leaned with attention and ſurprize, was ſo wrought on by the earneſtneſs of the tone in which this charming actreſs expreſſed her apprehenſion, that, forgetful of his ſituation for the moment, he leaped up on the next bench, and brandiſhing his ſhillelah, ſtruck a violent blow on the orcheſtra, exclaiming with true national ſpirit and indignation—'*By J—s he ſhan't, honey! for I'll take your part, my jewel!*'

animated, judicious, and intereſting. Sweetly did the tones of that harmonious voice correſpond with the various changes of that faſcinating face; while the charms of a graceful, yet *almoſt too delicate*, perſon, receive new beauties from the becoming and well-timed geſtures which accompanied every ſentiment and expreſſion. Let the grey beards bluſter as they may, we believe they have ſeldom ſeen a *ſuperior* Eſtifania; nor do we think the boards of Covent-garden or old Drury can, at this moment, produce her *equal* in this difficult and arduous character. The part of Margaretta was performed by mrs. Maſon—we have ſeen a better Margaretta—oh, yes, we *have ſeen* a better Margaretta!—But perhaps the theatre, in its preſent ſtate, can afford *no better*; and that not being the fault of the lady, we will rather compliment her for the ſacrifice which ſhe made, (we believe againſt her judgment) than condemn her for a want of excellence which was above her reach. Under this impreſſion we ſhall be ſilent for the preſent on that ſcore—when we cannot applaud with truth, we ſhall not indulge in reproval. The ſubordinate female characters were filled up as uſual, and if there was nothing to admire, there was nothing to diſguſt—we cannot ſpeak in fairer terms of the *minor* gentlewomen. The Leon of mr. Holman had, in our opinion, vaſt merit; and we will at every hazard commit ourſelves in ſaying, that we think it the *chef d'ouvre* of that gentleman's performance:—in every ſcene he diſplayed a perfect knowledge of his author, and embodied the character in a bold, yet corrected ſtyle of colouring.

From the ſpecimens which we had already received of the comic powers of mr. Melvin, we indulged the hope of ſeeing Michael Perez performed in a very ſuperior manner—we were however *partially* diſappointed—ſtill

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we cannot condemn the performance, though falling ſhort of our expectations, when we reflect that the character no longer exiſts in real life, and that it muſt have been at all times a groteſque exaggerated picture of humanity. We will nevertheleſs, in juſtice to mr. Melvin obſerve, that though in general the part wanted energy and force, yet in many ſcenes he gave us vaſt pleaſure, and merited the applauſes which he received in the performance of them: the truth is, the part of Michael Perez is not ſuited to the talents which mr. Melvin is poſſeſſed of, and when he fails in the execution, nature, and not he, is to blame—the part is too much for him—he appears to feel this as ſenſibly as we do; and to his credit be it told, ſcorns to reſort to ſtage trick or mummery, to carry him through a part which nature has not bleſſed him with a power of delineating.

Mr. Lee walked quietly through Cacafogo—perhaps a better actor would not have ſhewn ſo much diſcretion in a part ſo heterogeneous.—The Old Woman and her maid, by Williams and Johnſon, were given in a chaſter ſtyle than generally falls to the ſhare of theſe repreſentatives of '*the fair ſex.*'—We ſhall not at this time lean more heavily on the minor gentlemen than we have done on the minor ladies. Let us part in peace—and may the Duke feel grateful on the occaſion.

In the after-piece, miſs Walſtein made the moſt of a part, which we conſider very unworthy of ſo good an actreſs.—with us it is a proſtitution of talent in any performer without the pale of the Peter-ſtreet circus to engage in ſuch deſpicable ſcenes of buffoonery and grimace.

Mrs. Williams, in the attendant, was perfectly at home in the part—in every look, every tone, every action, ſhe was natural and conſiſtent: ſhe is really an excellent performer in that line of buſineſs, and foul befal the man or manager who would force her upon any other.

To the Editor.

SIR,

I HAVE received from an American merchant, whoſe neutrality gives him free acceſs to Paris, a collection of letters from a Frenchman reſident in London, to his friend in the French metropolis, which I have lately amuſed myſelf by tranſlating. They echo, in a ſtyle of freedom, to which our countrymen ſhould be the laſt people in the world to object, his ſentiments on the politics, literature, and amuſements of the Engliſh nation. To thoſe, who are accuſtomed to applaud the loyal ſelf-gratulations paid to theſe countries on the boards of our theatres, his occaſional ſeverity may perhaps give offence: but as I have always compared ſuch ſelf gratulations with the behaviour of that young gentleman, who was overheard to exclaim, while adjuſting his neckcloth in the glaſs, 'what a monſtrous handſome man I am,' I muſt own the ſincerity of our Gallic viſitor has, in me, given riſe to emotions of a different nature.

If you ſhould think the encloſed ſpecimen worthy of a place in your entertaining magazine, I have others at your future ſervice.

I am, &c. FABRICIUS.

Endymion the Exile. *LETTER I.*

I ANTICIPATE the ſurpriſe and joy, which will conſpire to animate the features of my dear couſin Ambroſe, on receiving a letter, after the lapſe of ſo long a period, from his exiled Endymion. Our fatal revolution, dark and bubbling like the waters of Styx, has thrown up many extraordinary characters, who have a while floated like ſcum upon the ſurface, and diſappeared; but the truly wonderful man, who now leads forth our armies to victo-

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ry, and owns no governor, except good fortune and bad temper, bids fair, like Hecate in an Engliſh play called Macbeth, to make the whole cauldron ſink or riſe at pleaſure. Why did I provoke the animoſity of that formidable being? Surely thou, as a friend, ſhouldſt have adviſed me to keep a civil pen in my hand, and to conſign that ſilly epigram about great emperor and little Corſican, to the god of the Pagans. Ah! how true is the obſervation of Rabelais, give wit but a lodging, and 'tis ten to one he ejects his landlord into the ſtreet. However, I little expected that Fouche, with all his deſpotiſm, would have revived thoſe domiciliary viſits, which formerly rendered Robeſpierre and Danton ſo juſtly odious. What obligations do I not owe to thy hoſpitable mother for concealing me during two days and nights in her cloſet of conſerves. The view from thy houſe acroſs the Boulevards, is admirably calculated to cope with coming danger by day; but who ſhall be on his guard againſt the aſſaſſins of the night? Salute thy mother in my name, and tell her, though the Britiſh channel ſeparate us, my heart is ſtill in the bow window of the corner houſe in Rue St. ——. Delatour accompanied me in diſguiſe as far as Abbeville, and has doubtleſs, by this time, acquainted thee with my concealment under the hoſteſs's bed at Montrieul, and in the pulpit carpet of the cathedral at Amiens. Theſe, my friend, are pleaſant adventures to relate, but not quite ſo agreeable to act; at leaſt thoſe, who can extract pleaſure from them, muſt have a philoſophical apparatus within, to which my nerves are ſtrangers.

I arrived in ſafety, at length, at Rotterdam, and ſecretly embarked on board a veſſel for Harwich. I do not know how it is, but I ſeemed to entruſt myſelf with full aſſurance of ſafety on board a veſſel navigated by a Briton: we have a ſaying at Paris, that Neptune's green couch is Britannia's bridal bed, and I aſſure thee that the ſkill and alacrity with which the captain ſteered through the yielding ocean, proved the truth of that proverb.* On approaching the Engliſh coaſt, the captain diſcovered, by the ſignal flag, that there was not ſufficient depth of water to permit his entrance into the harbour: moved, however, by my entreaty, who beheld Fouche in every billow, he attempted, with more good nature than prudence, to ſail into the port, and in the experiment ſtruck ſo violently on a bar of ſand, which forms itſelf at the entrance, that every being on board was bereft of his balance, and my head, fraught with pique and pulvilio, ſtruck ſo violently againſt the forehead of a Dutch tobacconiſt on deck, that both parties were, like two fighting heroes in the Iliad, enveloped in a cloud, and parks of real fire ſeemed to ſpring from the colliſion of two ſuch hard ſubſtances. Had we been on board a man of war, and in the neighbourhood of the powder-room, the conſequences might have been truly tragic. The veſſel now lay on her ſide, the waves waſhed over her, and the catholic paſſengers began to commend their ſouls to the virgin: but our proteſtant captain, with a bravery peculiar to the natives of this iſland, conſigned his to the loweſt pit of hell, for having been fool enough to liſten to my entreaties. Not liking this mixture of ſwearing and ſea-bathing, I tumbled into the cabin, where a ſcene preſented itſelf, which, narrated in our coterie in Paris, might exhauſt a winter's evening with laughter. My opponent, mynheer Vanvooſt, had already

NOTE.

* The reader will probably ſmile at this gaſconade on performing a voyage of a few leagues. It is probable the writer's aquatic excurſions had hitherto been confined to the Seine. *Tranſlator.*

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reached that place of temporary ſafety, and was filling his pockets with dollars from a cheſt under his bed, whilſt his neighbour, madame Floriville, the wife of a Paris banker, was croſſing herſelf devoutly with one hand, and with the other making a freſh application of rouge to her faded cheeks. Was it fear, folly, or the force of habit, my dear Ambroſe, which prevented the former of theſe perſonages from reflecting that, in the event of a ſhipwreck, his ſtore of ſilver would carry him to the bottom with the agility of a plummet, and the latter from conſidering that the rude billows would carry away every atom of her rouge before ſhe could reach the veſtibule of Neptune's palace? The force of the tide gradually carried our crazy bark over the bar: we then floated in deep water, and ſoon reached the hotel with joyful hearts and wet ſkins, and madame Floriville, mynheer Vanvooſt, and myſelf, entered an Engliſh poſt-chaiſe, which conveyed us with aſtoniſhing rapidity to London.

Behold me now, my friend, in lodgings at the eaſt end of a ſtreet called Piccadilly, in the renowned city of London. London, empreſs of commerce—and grand emporium of ſciences, arts, and manufactures! Let the gloomy devotee of La Trappe weep over this venerable dame, and call her a mauſoleum of dead ſouls. Let the ſqueaking Ceciſbeo of Rome turn upon his red Morocco heel, and deſpiſe her gravity and morality.—For my part, it is my intention, as long as the pleaſure of correſponding with thee ſhall remain, to do ſtrict juſtice to the numerous virtues of the natives of this iſland, but at the ſame time not to let their follies, equally numerous, eſcape without merited reproof. And in this undertaking, ſtrange as it may appear, I do not deſpair of being encouraged by the Engliſh themſelves; they poſſeſs an ingenious mode of parrying the weapon, by turning the point of the dart towards their neighbour, and have always, as I am informed, taken more pleaſure in laughing at their own follies, than I apprehend they will at any time take pains to amend them. But more of this on a future occaſion.

Adieu. Thine in ſincerity and friendſhip, ENDYMION.

To the Editor.

'One man in his time plays many parts.'
As you like it.

SIR,

A FEW months ago, I preſented you with a curious play-bill, announcing the performance of the '*Poor Gentleman*,' and '*Barnaby Brittle*,' by *four* actors. I have met with another from the ſame company, of the *Buſy Body*, &c. which is equally intereſting, and which I have taken the liberty of encloſing.

THEATRE HORSFIELD.

At mr. Thomas Peaſcod's,
On Saturday evening, July 18, 1807,
Will be preſented the favourite comedy, of

THE BUSY BODY;

OR, THE GUARDIAN DUPED.

Sir Francis Gripe, Charles,	mr. Johnſton.
Sir George Airy, Whiſper,	mr. Deans.
Sir Zealous Traffic Marplot	mr. Jones.
Miranda . . Scentwell . .	mrs. Deans.
Patch, . . . Iſabinda . .	mrs. Jones.

To conclude with the farce of

THE LYING VALET.

Gayleſs, .	mr. Deans.
Juſtice Guttle, Drunken Cook,	mr. Johnſton.
Sharp, .	mr. Jones.

Meliſſa, Mrs. Trippet, mrs. Jones
Gadabout, Kitty Pry, mrs. Deans.
Pit, 1s. Gal. 6d. To begin at 8 o'clock
Tickets to be had at the theatre.

The

The Baths of the Emperor Julien. An Anecdote of the Fourth Century. From the French. (Concluded from Page 103.)

SUDDENLY the form of Savinien croſſed the view of Sylvanus; the centurion made a movement to retire; the old man advanced towards him with a firm and indignant ſtep —'Barbarian,' he cried, 'reſtore to me my daughter.'

Savinien. 'I have not taken her from thee.'

Sylvanus. 'You inſpire her mind with contempt for her father, and for every thing we hold ſacred beneath the heavens.'

Savinien. 'I love her, and would ſave her ſoul from perdition.'

Sylvanus. 'But ſhe is mine.'

Savinien. 'She belonged to God, before ſhe became your daughter.'

Sylvanus. 'What, can I not diſpoſe of my child?'

Savinien. 'No, if the Almighty communicates his grace to her.—Without doubt you may take away her life, ſince the laws have left thee maſter of it; but then ſhall ſhe receive from the hands of her Saviour the palm of martyrdom.'

Sylvanus. 'Abſurd reaſoner, can you receive, yourſelf, this pretended palm! It is with this myſtic language that you divide and diſtract the empire; on your account it is that we feel the heavy indignation of the gods; the invaſions of barbarians, the ravages of the elements, perfidies, civil war, treaſons, murders, are the conſequence of your abominable doctrine.'

Savinien. 'I pity you, Sylvanus! How little you know of the Chriſtian faith. It will lead men back to the innocence of the firſt age. How can there be contentions and wars among the children of the ſame God? All corrupt paſſions, all impure deſires, all vices, ſhall at length diſappear before the light of the goſpel; magiſtrates ſhall no longer ſtand in need of the axe of the law; all men, in ſhort, ſhall be governed by piety, moderation, brotherly love, and juſtice.*'

Sylvanus. 'In the mean time we groan under all kinds of calamities, which commenced when our temples, transformed into ſepulchres, were profaned by the relics of your ſaints; of thoſe fanatics who were juſtly puniſhed for having ſewed diſſention among us. Go, pray over your fleſhleſs bones, your heads preſerved in ſpirits of wine, and leave to us, our Gods, our repoſe, and our children.'

At theſe words Sylvanus turned away from Savinien with horror.—Anger, love, and religious zeal were now carried to their height in the heart of Savinien. To revenge himſelf on the old man, to marry his daughter, and to ſave a ſoul; theſe three ſentiments concentred in one, which inflamed and rankled in his boſom. He found frequent means to converſe with Priſcilla, who was eaſily ſeduced by the inſidious language of the Chriſtian. The dread of loſing his daughter now rendered Sylvanus ſevere and even cruel towards her. She had no longer the liberty of going beyond the limits of the buildings which formed her father's habitation. They looked upon the gardens of the emperor, but a ſtrong iron grating prevented her from walking in them.

One morning, at a very early hour, while Sylvanus was ſtill aſleep, Savinien, who had ſucceeded in penetrating as far as this grate, and in apprifing his miſtreſs of his approach, thus converſed with her in ſecret.—'My dear Priſcilla,' ſaid he, 'if you love me, you muſt follow me.'—'Alas, I am a captive,' replied the young girl.' 'How?' returned Savi-

NOTE.

* Lactantius (Div. Inſt.) aſſerted that this would be the infallible conſequence of the eſtabliſhment of Chriſtianity.

nien, 'does this vaſt place, yet imperfectly built, afford no aperture through which I may enter, and, favoured by the darkneſs of the night, ſnatch thee from the tyrant, and eternal deſtruction?'—'You might,' ſhe replied, 'open a paſſage, but the experiment is dangerous.'—'Never mind the danger, only point out the way I muſt go to reach you. I will then take you in my arms, and—' 'You ſee this wall, at preſent unfiniſhed, with arches beneath it. It is the boundary of a deep moat, intended at ſome future period to be a conduit for the waters of the Seine. The arches are negligently incloſed.'—'I perceive them,' ſaid Savinien; 'I will lift up one of theſe planks—'—'Heavenly powers!' exclaimed Priſcilla, in great terror, 'you will fall down a dreadful precipice. There is only one of the arches over which you can paſs in ſafety; it is the ſecond. A ſcaffolding is behind, by means of which you may eaſily croſs the moat that ſeparates the wall from the private gardens of my father.'—'Enough,' ſaid Savinien, 'an hour after ſun-ſet you ſhall be under my protection.'

Here they bade each other adieu, and ſeparated: but they had been overheard. Marſurius, overſeer of the gardeners, being up early to ſet his men at work, paſſed by at a little diſtance, while the lovers were converſing. Diſtinguiſhing the voice of his maſter's daughter, he had ſtopped to liſten, and when they parted, he reſumed his way without ſaying a word.

In the evening, juſt before the ſun went down, Marſurius aſked to ſpeak with Sylvanus. Priſcilla, tormented with that anxious ſuſpenſe which always agitates the heart between the time of forming an important project and the moment of its execution, hurried in violent emotion through every apartment of the palace. She ſaw Marſurius enter it at an unaccuſtomed hour. She glided into the corner of an obſcure paſſage, which led to her father's chamber. There ſhe ſtopped, and heard Marſurius relate every particular of the converſation that had paſſed between her and Savinien in the morning.

Sylvanus was quite furious at the diſcovery. Foaming with rage, he was unable to ſpeak. He could only utter a few inarticulate words.—'Savinien! the wretch! croſs the moat! raviſh from me my child! monſter!'—'It will be eaſy enough to prevent him, and to puniſh him at the ſame time,' ſaid Marſurius.—'How? how?' eagerly interrupted the old man. 'After having paſſed the arch, he will proceed to ſlide down upon the ſcaffolding: it is only to remove a few boards, and the ſcaffold is taken away; and, inſtead of fixing his foot upon a ſolid bridge, as he is led to expect, he will inſtantly be hurried down, and daſhed to pieces—nothing can poſſibly prevent it.'

At theſe words Priſcilla fainted away. When ſhe returned to her ſenſes, her father and Marſurius were not to be found. She tried to go into Sylvanus's garden. The doors of communication were locked. A chilly horror crept through her veins.—The ſun was ſet. The hour faſt approached when her lover was to arrive at the appointed ſpot. She ran over the palace, which was now to her a priſon, but ſhe was almoſt inſenſible to the ſurrounding objects; ſhe knew not what ſhe did, nor what ſhe ſhould do.

The only ſpot which commanded a view of the garden, was a terrace planted with divers ſhrubs, and ſituated beneath the roof of the great hall of the public baths.* From this elevated terrace, ſhe could ſee her father's gardens, thoſe of the emperor,

NOTE.

* This hall and the terrace ſtill remain; it is well known that the emperors had halls to their baths, the uſe of which they appropriated to the publi.

and

and also the fosse, or rather precipice, which her lover was to leap. Thither she hastened. The day, though on its last decline, just enabled her to perceive that the scaffolding which she had pointed out to Savinien was no longer in its place.

She descended from the terrace; called wildly for her aunt and slaves. They thought she was mad: She ran out; returned; pronounced the name of her lover: threw herself at their feet, and conjured them to suffer her to quit the palace. They referred her to her father. Him she instantly went in search of; called in a tone of desperation, upon his name. No one answered. Time flew. The fatal moment was at hand. 'O Savinien!' cried the unhappy girl, 'instead of me thou wilt embrace thy death; and it is I, I that have conducted thee to thy fate.' She again ascended the terrace, as being the only situation from whence she could discern the place of rendezvous. She flattered herself that, notwithstanding the distance, her feeble voice might apprize her lover of the danger with which he was momentarily threatened.

By the time that Priscilla had mounted the terrace, it was almost night. Pale as death, she was in want of the highest exertion of her voice, and her voice, stifled by the violence of her emotion, could scarcely make itself heard. In the course of a few seconds, she thought she heard the sound of some footsteps on the planks that covered the arch upon which Savinien was to tread; but yet she could see nothing. All is again still as death. Suddenly the noise without is repeated. A plank falls, and the precipice presents itself. 'Gods! it is he! it is my beloved!' Then summoning all her strength, and exerting her feeble voice to the utmost extent, she raves out '*Savinien, advance no further.*' The lover imagines that his mistress calls out to him to animate his courage; he slides down from the arch, and not feeling the scaffolding, utters a scream of horror, and falls headlong to the bottom of the moat.

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Here the manuscript stops short. I have never been able to discover whether the Greek author proceeded any further, or whether the conclusion has been by any accident lost; so that it is impossible to know what became either of Priscilla, or the old Sylvanus, or what was done by the emperor, when he heard of the dreadful catastrophe that happened in his palace, almost under his very eyes. I have turned over the pages of Ammianus Marcellinus, Zozimus, St. Gregory Nazianzen, Libanus, and the writings of Julien himself, without discovering any thing further upon the subject.

Romance of the Pyrenees. By a Lady. (Continued from page 82.)

IT has been already mentioned, that the only foible of the duca di Manfredonia's mind was the contemptible opinion he entertained of his own personal attractions. Had he known how to appreciate properly the favours so lavishly bestowed by nature on him, he had, perhaps, been spared the succeeding misery of his life. Elfridii, well knowing this circumstance, and how much the disparity of Viola's years with his own had fed upon his mind, was truly sensible how promising a subject Lorenzo was for speedily imbibing the subtle poison he meant to administer. High in the duca's estimation, and his understanding so appreciated, the words of Elfridii bore with them the power of almost instant conviction: and the first potion of the maddening drug he administered was once at table, by relating, while his eyes were

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fixed in marked ſcrutiny upon the innocent Viola, the ſtory of don Ambroſio's enormities and conſequent diſgrace.

The invidious gaze of Elfridii, by wounding the delicacy of the ducheſſa and awakening her indignation, called forth the brighteſt tints of vermillion, upon her lovely cheeks; and as he proceeded, the atrocities he enumerated of Ambroſio's committing giving full conviction to the idea ſhe had ſecretly cheriſhed of his being the murderer of her father, as well as of her uncle—and by awakening a variety of the moſt painful ſenſations, all embittered by the agoniſing thought of her having been the cauſe of death to both thoſe parents —ſhe at length, after her intelligent countenance had undergone a marked diverſity of changes, fell from her ſeat in a ſwoon, and, although the duca was almoſt diſtracted at beholding his adored wife in ſuch a ſituation, the apparent cauſe of her being ſo, nor the artful exclamations and half articulated whiſpers of Elvira and Elfridii, were not loſt upon him, and the dreadful foundation of his future miſery was from that moment laid; and ſo ſkilful were thoſe who built upon it, that in a very ſhort period the baneful pile was formed on which his happineſs was ſacrificed.

The name of Viola was now daily diſcovered to be carved with lover-like devices or poeſy upon ſome new tree. A young and beautiful ſtranger was ſeen by the vaſſals and domeſtics hovering about the caſtle in various diſguiſes, whom a lady, attired like the ducheſſa, often met in the duſk of the evening and in ſecret places. Our reader will be at no loſs to gueſs that he handſome ſtranger was the vile Vicenza, who became a Proteus upon the occaſion, taking care, however, to avoid the recognition of any of the domeſtics who knew him; or that the lady was the diabolical Elvira, properly attired for their infamous deſigns; and ſo well did theſe vile confederates manage their plot, that in the courſe of a few weeks the duca di Manfredonia almoſt believed that his wife repented the choice ſhe had made, that the profligate degraded Ambroſio had ever been in poſſeſſion of her affections, and that he himſelf was the moſt miſerable of men. Yet ſo fondly did he lean to the belief of her purity, of her ſuperiority over all the world —ſo tenderly did he ſtill adore her—that, whenever he contemplated the ſeraphic ſweetneſs of her expreſſive countenance, he felt the influence of ſome reſiſtleſs power within his mind ariſing to confuſe all that he had before thought conviction; and had not the execrable fiends who had ſworn the deſtruction of his peace been more prolific in diabolical deſires than human nature had ever before evinced itſelf, the ſmile of Viola would have defeated all their machinations. As it was, Lorenzo was forced into a belief which almoſt tortured him to madneſs; but he ſo idoliſed her whom he thought no longer attached to him, that he could not endure the idea of calling the bluſh of ſhame upon her cheek by his upbraidings; and, avoiding every explanation, he at length unfortunately fled from Manfredonia to the caſtle of Palino to unboſom himſelf to the conte and conteſſa Arioſto, determined that their advice ſhould guide him.

The mercileſs triumvirate were well aware that Viola's was no common female mind; ſhe had no foibles to work upon; and the only hope they had of her, was from the ſad ſympathy her mother's hapleſs fate had entwined with the very ſtamina of her heart. They knew ſhe trembled at conjugal indifference, and ſhuddered at every tale that told of connubial diſcord. To ſow the ſeeds of doubt and jealouſy in her mind required the moſt delicate ſtrokes of art.

art; and Elvira moſt ſucceſsfully contrived the means to cauſe events which awakened inevitably, but imperceptibly, ſuſpicions of her Lorenzo's affection. Her mother's miſeries thus impending over her, the dreadful ſimilitude of their fate became at length her mournful contemplation. Had the conſtancy of her huſband's attachment been openly arraigned by any one, ſhe would have ſilenced with ſcorn the baſe accuſer, and ſpurned with generous indignation each intruding ſuſpicion from her breaſt; but the circumſtances which ruined her peace ſeemed preſented by chance alone, ſo well did Elvira perform her taſk, and the flown cheerfulneſs of Viola, ſo lately acquired and ſo becoming to her, her languid look, her loſs of appetite and reſt, all conſpired to confirm Lorenzo in the horrid belief that ſhe was wretched becauſe ſhe was his wife.

Viola, well remembering her incomparable mother never complained, never breathed forth a murmur, reſolved, like her, to bear her miſery in ſilence; and ſoon, like her hapleſs mother too, her only comfort was to weep over her child, fold it in her arms, and ſadly trace out its reſemblance to its ſtill adored father: but ever at the ſound of Lorenzo's approach ſhe would haſtily chaſe the tears away, and with ſmiles reſign their ſon to his careſſes. But thoſe ſmiles were ſo woe-fraught, ſo indicative of mental anguiſh, Lorenzo could not ſupport the agony they inflicted in his tortured boſom; and, to hide his feelings, he would ruſh from her preſence, and leave her to the inſupportable belief that diſguſt at beholding her occaſioned his retreat.

Viola, when reſolving never to complain, had alſo determined never to make a confidant; for not even to her Clementina would ſhe breathe a ſound that could take from the merit of Lorenzo; and this amiable conduct was afterwards converted by her enemies into proofs of guilt.

At length, the day on which the duca left the caſtle of Manfredonia for that of Palino, the ſuſpicions which Viola had ſo long and painfully entertained were put to inſtant flight, by the expreſſion of his countenance, as ſhe caught him gazing upon her a few moments before his departure. She clearly ſaw that he was wretched, but ſaw, too, conviction of her being ſtill in poſſeſſion of his tendereſt affection; and the impulſe of the moment was to throw herſelf into his arms, and conjure him to reveal to her the cauſe of his afflictions: but this wiſe reſolution was defeated by the precipitate retreat of the ill-fated duca, who, upon perceiving her obſervation of him, ruſhed from the apartment, and inſtantly began his journey, leaving it to Elfridii to announce his departure; aſſigning as a cauſe having been ſummoned by expreſs to attend a dying friend at Naples, and was in too great affliction to bear the pang of a long interview with her.

That Lorenzo ſhould abſent himſelf from home without bidding her adieu, though plauſible his excuſe, ſtruck like the cold hand of death upon her throbbing heart; but ſhe ſhed no tear, neither did ſhe make any comment when ſhe received this mortifying intelligence from Elfridii. But as ſhe now in all her ſorrows felt conſolation only in the ſweet ſmiles and endearments of her child, ſhe ſoon quitted the villanous Elfridii, and bent her faltering ſteps to the apartments of Orlando; and on her way, in a gallery through which ſhe was about to paſs, hung a full-length portrait of Lorenzo. Her eyes inſtinctively fixed upon it—her feet became faſtened to the ſpot on which ſhe ſtood—her arms inſenſibly entwined acroſs her boſom—her head ſunk againſt a pillow—while mourn-

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ful ſickening fancy ſaw the days of paſt happineſs flit like pallid phantoms before Lorenzo's picture. At length, a half-ſtifled ſob of grief aroufed her from her agoniſing reverie; and quickly turning her head, ſhe ſaw the faithful Bernardo with tears chaſing each other down his furrowed cheeks.

This worthy being had long been made independent by Viola, but nothing could induce him to quit her ſervice; and high in her eſteem and in the duca's, he ever experienced the greateſt degree of reſpect from every individual of their family.

'My dear young lady,' ſaid the agitated Bernardo, 'I can no longer bear to ſee you thus; and muſt take the liberty of ſpeaking to you upon the ſubject of your miſery. Oh, may St. Roſolia defend you, and encompaſs you with her powers! for all the devils of Mount Ætna are at work to blaſt your happineſs. Be no more deceived—that lady Elvira is a wily ſerpent that will ſting you to the heart. Conte Elfridii is a monſter, more barborous and ungrateful than even Leopold himſelf. Oh Father of mercies! could he be human, and, ſeeing ſuch a glorious work as this, aim at deſtroying it? Yes, inhuman fiends! they have planned the deſtruction of your fame and happineſs. My deluded lord believes your heart directed to Ambroſio, and has left the caſtle almoſt diſtracted. It is all too true—I ſuſpected, watched, and overheard their villanous cabals. Deareſt lady, delay not; write to my abſent lord. The words of truth muſt blaſt at once the tales of falſehood. Commit the letter to my care, and, with the permiſſion of St. Roſolia, if he is upon the ſurface of the globe I will deliver it to him; for in bringing back your loſt happineſs to you, Heaven knows how freely I would reſign my life.'

The agony of Viola's mind upon this intelligence cannot be deſcribed. Horror at firſt chained up her faculties, until its icy fetters were thawed as her eyes again reſted upon the portrait of her heart's lord; when, burſting into tears of anguiſh, ſhe caught the hand of Bernardo, and, preſſing it with fervent gratitude to her lips, promiſed to follow his advice on the inſtant: and immediately retiring to her gabinetto, wrote to her deluded huſband ſuch a letter, that, had it ever been delivered to him, muſt have had all the happy effect the faithful Bernardo expected. It was written by the chaſte and ardent pen of purity and affection; and every word muſt have ſtruck with conviction to the heart of Lorenzo:—but Elvira had followed the footſteps of the devoted Viola, had overheard all that had paſſed between her and Bernardo; and that faithful and ill fated being was bereft of life by the aſſaſſins of the iniquitous conſociates in his way to Tuſcany, whither he was haſtening to reſtore peace to the mind of his lovely and beloved lady.

In two days after the departure of the unfortunate Bernardo from Manfredonia, a letter was delivered to Viola by Fidato, the reſpected ſteward of the caſtle. The ducheſſa had no reaſon to doubt the authenticity of this letter; it appeared to have been written by Lorenzo; and ſhe, as well as Fidato, believed it had come with a parcel of diſpatches which he had received from the duca by his own courier. This letter was brief, but ſeemed the ebullitions of long ſuppreſſed tenderneſs; but not as if in anſwer to hers, which ſhe knew could not then have reached him. He ſeemed to hint at the perfidy of ſuppoſed friends, and of his having much to communicate to her before he again entered his caſtle; and entreated her to meet him at ten o'clock that night unknown to every one, in a temple in the boſom of a cloſe wood at a ſmall diſtance from the caſtle.

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This proſpect of returning happiſs baniſhed at once the gloom which had lowered for more than two months over the moſt expreſſive of countenances; and the ſmiles of her heart, in ſpite of all reſiſtance, ſpread over her face, and influenced her voice, her air, her manner.

Elvira, completely an adept in the art of plotting, was even more than uſually inſinuating in her converſation that day; was ſo aſſiduouſly attentive to Viola, ſhe ſeemed her very ſhadow, and left her not for a ſingle moment. In vain the politeneſs of the ducheſſa ſtrove to veil the diſguſt ſhe felt for Elvira, or the chagrin ſhe experienced in her preſence; and not without an effort approaching to rudeneſs could ſhe eſcape from the wary fiend in time for the appointment ſhe conceived ſhe had with Lorenzo. The ſpotleſs purity of Viola was ſhocked and mortified to ſee the good father Rinaldo during the whole of that day an attentive obſerver of her conduct, which ſeemed moſt unequivocally to ſurpriſe and pain him; but though the bluſh of ſhame overſpread her cheeks, and the tear of grief trembled in her eyes, on finding her purity ſuſpected, ſhe yet conſoled herſelf with the flattering belief that in a very few hours all would be explained to that good man's ſatisfaction.

As the hour of ten drew near, Viola haſtened to the nurſery; and taking the ſleeping Orlando in her arms, impreſſed a kiſs of even unuſual fervor upon his lips, as ſhe breathed the ardent wiſh that when next ſhe kiſſed her child, the hearts of his parents might be as firmly united as her lips were then with his. This tender idea drew tears of trembling ſenſibility from her eyes; and at this moment a time-piece in the chamber chimed the hour. Haſtily kiſſing her ſon for the laſt time, Viola gave him to his too obſervant nurſe, and in viſible agitation quitted the apartments of her boy, and haſtened to the fatal temple. A man was waiting her approach; his figure was that of Lorenzo's; ſhe ruſhed into his arms with an exclamation of tenderneſs, and ſubdued by a thouſand joyful and affecting emotions, fainted; when the man, no other than the baſe Vicenza, bore her in that helpleſs ſtate to a carriage, which was waiting with ſome more of Elfridii's creatures at a little diſtance from the park.

The motion of the carriage ſoon called this innocent victim of revenge to her ſenſes; but the ſound of the treacherous Polydore's voice deſtroyed at once every ray of hope and joy. Horror now ſealed up her ſenſes; and in the moſt pitiable ſituation, falling from one ſwoon into another, ſhe was conveyed into a ſhip, which in due time bore the wretched Viola into a creek belonging to the Pyrenean caſtle, into which this miſerable captive was conveyed, attended by every fear, by every pang, that could agoniſe a mind devoid of guilt.

Don Manuel was then out upon a cruiſe, but the ruthleſs Garcias was at home, and the ſight of the captive brought in by Polydore gave diabolical pleaſure to his vindictive heart; but in beholding the fiend Leopold in this her priſon, at once proclaimed to Viola the magnitude of her calamities. Her ſenſes forſook her; for mental miſery and horror had brought on a fever ſo high, ſo malign, that for many weeks the ſurgeons of the caſtle had ſcarcely a hope for her life; but Heaven ſpared her that exiſtence the cruelties of her enemies afterwards deprived her of. She did recover, yet ſlowly; although ſhe exerted herſelf to aid her phyſicians in baniſhing diſeaſe (though miſerable was exiſtence to her) for the ſake of her unborn babe, to whoſe life ſhe could not believe the cruelty of her enemies would extend.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXII.

IT would be tedious to enumerate the days of misery Viola passed in this dreadful prison, since they were all alike wretched. Don Manuel returned to the castle, under the influence of his good propensities, and was shocked, was grieved to find the idol of his affections in such a place. Too quickly, however, these amiable feelings vanished, and Viola, in addition to her other calamities, had to suffer daily, nay almost hourly, the insulting declarations of Ambrosio's unsubdued passion for her. But her heart was the temple where purity had enshrined itself; and there is something so hallowed in dignified virtue, that the profligate Manuel dared to offer no further insult to the captive duchessa, than the perpetual avowal of his unconquerable attachment to her.

At length the hour for Viola's confinement drew near. In prison, and such a prison! torn from her husband, all her friends! without consolation, without one female near her! Was that moment to arrive...: She wept, she shuddered, but resolved, for the sake of her child, to bear all with firmness. But the attachment of don Manuel meliorated all that was in his power of the forlornness of her situation; every thing that wealth could obtain was procured for her; every thing which affection could suggest, for comfort and for safety, he had provided, and a respectable woman, released from amongst the dungeon captives, to wait upon and nurse her. The moment which Viola almost hoped would terminate her existence at last arrived; and in five months after she had been inhumanly trepanned from happiness and her husband's protection was her daughter born, whom Francisco baptised by the name of Matilda, after Lorenzo's respected grandmother, the late duchessa di Mantredonia.

The apartments allotted to the ill-fated Viola were those afterwards inhabited by her husband and her son. In them Francisco often visited her; when she taught his heart to feel the highest touches of pity and admiration it was capable of conveying; and had she confided in him, it is probable, in defiance of his attachment to Elfridii he would have restored her to her husband. But still feeding upon the hope of her letter, and Bernardo's testimony clearing her fame and constancy to Lorenzo, and of his consequent researches tracing her to her dreadful prison, she forbore, from motives of pride and delicacy, to announce herself to the few persons she was allowed to see in the castle; while, on the other hand, her deadly foes, for their own safety, were careful to conceal her real rank, and she was simply known in the castle as 'the widow of a Sicilian gentleman killed by Polydore, in a duel—and she being the only witness, it was necessary, for his security, to keep her in secret confinement.'

Elfridii two or three times visited the Pyrenean castle, for the diabolical satisfaction of increasing the mental anguish of this hapless victim of his insatiate vengeance, by obliging her to hear and read letters from the unfortunate Lorenzo to him, by which she had the misery of finding that, although her husband still remembered her with tenderness, he believed her the child of frailty; and his letters were so indicative of hopeless woe, of agonised despondence, that in despite of her indignation, her scorn of Elfridii, she would condescend to kneel at his feet, and sue with all that melting eloquence humanity would have found irresistible to Elfridii, 'to restore the peace of her Lorenzo, of his patron, his friend.' But all she ever obtained by this humiliation was to hear him with the ruthless exultation of a

fiend,

fiend, 'glofy in the triumph of his plots of vengeance, take to himſelf the credit of her degradation, and aſſure her his deadly hate and perſecutions would never terminate, until her fame ſhould be conſidered infamous through the world, her name the ſcorn and ſcourge of her huſband and her ſon, and until her Lorenzo's happineſs was blaſted in every ſhape that vengeance and malice could deviſe.'

At length, one day, with barbarous exultation, Elfridii put a letter into Viola's hands that ſtruck on her heart the final blow to peace, to every wiſh for life: it was from her huſband, and in it was mentioned his intended marriage with Elvira. The wretched ducheſſa fell to the ground in a ſwoon; and, when reſpiration returned, perception ſeemed no longer to be hers. For ſeveral hours ſhe appeared inſenſible to all her miſeries. At length the gentle preſſure of her infant's fingers twined round one of hers recalled her ſuſpended faculties—her child was folded in her arms. But ſhe looked beyond this world for comfort; in this there was not now left a hope for her to reſt upon.

Miſerable as the preceding letters of Lorenzo had made her, ſhe ſtill felt a kind of forlorn conſolation in peruſing them. To ſee her name traced, although with the attendance of every poſſible humiliation, by her Lorenzo; to preſs to her heart, her lips, the paper he had touched; and to know that, even believed unworthy, ſtill ſhe was beloved by the lord of her affections, gave ſome ſad comfort to her breaking heart. But even that ſad comfort was torn by the ruthleſs hand of cruelty away. For Lorenzo's ſecond marriage ſhe was not prepared; and that marriage too with Elvira, the fiend who had ſo ably aided in her deſtruction, annihilated every feeling, but thoſe of horror and diſmay—until the idea of Bernardo's failing in his attempt to clear her fame, and that Lorenzo had refuſed to hear him, and had ſo far forgotten his once loved Viola, in one ſhort year, as to think of a ſucceſſor, awakened her thoughts to every pang of grief that wounded love and pride could give. She knew too, by this ſecond marriage, he had been led to believe her dead; and thus every hope of his ſeeking her was cut off for ever, and with it every proſpect for her child, her Matilda, who was thus rent from honourable ſociety, her father's love, his name, his protection, even his knowledge of her exiſtence:—and when ſhe was laid in that grave where mental anguiſh faſt was hurrying her, what would be this hapleſs alien's fate; who would rear her in the path of virtue? Purity recoiled from the dreadful proſpect which lay before her child; the mother ſhuddered, and, to ſave her daughter from eternal deſtruction, fervently prayed to Heaven that her own miſerable exiſtence might be prolonged.

As the hope of ever being reſtored to fame and to her huſband was now no more, Viola determined to confide her hapleſs ſtory, her rank, and name, to Franciſco, and to implore his protection for her child. That conſolation however was denied her, Franciſco being at that period called to Madrid upon inquiſitorial buſineſs; and don Manuel too was abſent when the laſt fell blow was given to the devoted ducheſſa's happineſs. But he returned ſhortly after: when the female captive who ſtill attended her, informed him of ſome new calamity having befallen her lady in his abſence, of her ſubſequent illneſs, and piteous melancholy. The heart of don Manuel was at that moment acceſſible to humanity, and he was ſhocked and grieved at the intelligence; and wiſhing to behold Viola, unſeen by her, to obſerve from her

appearance what fears were to be entertained for her health, the attendant Leonora placed him in the apartments of the ducheſſa in a ſituation advantageous to his deſign.

'The infant Matilda was then in the arms of her mother, whoſe maternal feelings at that moment had conquered every other. She was ſinging her child to ſleep. Her voice, whether in ſpeaking or ſinging, was gifted with the power of fatcination; it ſounded now ſo piteous, but ſo low, as if ſhe feared the pathos of her notes ſhould ſeem like murmurs at the decrees of Providence. Her whole appearance was ſo touching, ſo indicative of ſilent, uncomplaining, deep-felt woe, that don Manuel was ſubdued, and ſtarting from his place of concealment, fell at her feet, imploring forgiveneſs for all the ſorrows he had ever cauſed her, and ſolemnly pledging to reſtore her to fame and happineſs, even at the peril of his own life and that of his aſſociates, aſſured her that at the dawn of the ſucceeding day he would ſet ſail for Italy, ſee the duca di Manfredonia; clear her immaculate fame, and prove his accuſations of the perfidy of her enemies true, even before the tribunal of the inquiſition.'

For herſelf, the ducheſſa would have rejected even fame and happineſs from the murderer of her father; but affection for her child prompted her gradually to accept his promiſes, which he generouſly forbore to tell her, as it ſeemed with ſuch imminent danger to himſelf. He offered now to take her and Matilda with him to Manfredonia. But to this propoſition the purity of the ducheſſa ſtarted inſuperable objections: her pride of conſcious virtue led her to wiſh to be emancipated from her dreadful captivity by her huſband, or his agents; and to return with the very man with whom her fame had been blaſted, was incompatible with every precept of prudence, with every feeling of delicacy. Don Manuel therefore determined to go without her; and only that this expedition required to be immediately undertaken, if poſſible to prevent the nuptials of Lorenzo, he would have poſtponed his intended departure until the return of Franciſco from Madrid, that he might leave Viola under his protection.

For the ſucceſs of his generous project, don Manuel knew it would be neceſſary to conceal his intentions from all his aſſociates, to whom it threatened danger the moſt formidable; and although don Manuel knew the performance of his deſign would be at the peril of his own ſafety as well as theirs, ſo much did he, at that moment, prize the reſtoration of Viola's happineſs, that he would have thought it cheaply purchaſed with his own life and thoſe of half mankind. Orders for his voyage he therefore iſſued, as if for ſome piratical enterpriſe, and even to his friend Garcias he invented a deluſive tale, as a reaſon for his intended precipitate departure. But wary as the ſubtle Manuel thought himſelf, the more ſubtile Elfridii cruelly proved the fruſtration of his generous purpoſe. More deeply intereſted in the ſecrets of the caſtle than any other of the community, it was in Elfridii's power to wander over it, an inviſible ſpy, at pleaſure, and in one of theſe unſeen rambles he overheard the conference in which don Manuel promiſed to reſtore Viola to fame and to her huſband, and haſtily communicated this important diſcovery to his two vile aſſociates, Garcias and Polydore. The victim of their malice was about to be ſnatched from their power, and not only their lives, but thoſe of the whole community, ſacrificed without ſcruple, for the happineſs of an individual whom they all three hated. They dared not openly oppoſe don Manuel, who lived in the hearts of his men; and if they exaſperated him,

him, they knew he could quickly find means of vengeance: they had therefore only to provide for their own safety by rendering his design fruitless, and to destroy suspicion by dissimulation equal to his own.

Among the wretches devoted to Garcias, was one more diabolical, more sanguinary than any assassin in the whole fraternity; and so much more cruel, more ferocious, was he deemed than all the rest, that even his companions gave him the appropriate name of Sanguinario. This wretch, who had aided Leopold in the murder of the archbishop of Montreal: this wretch, who had, while in the service of the marchese of Palermo, met with a dreadful accident, at which time the humanity of Viola led her to show him the most touching kindness——kindness that did touch his heart, for Viola was the only person upon earth he had ever felt a particle of philanthropy towards; this wretch was fixed upon as the perpetrator of their atrocious purpose. It was agreed upon by these dæmons of iniquity, that while Leonora was taking her supper, that night, Sanguinario should enter through a private door, the secret of which Elfridii was to teach him, into the duchessa's apartments, and there murder the unsuspecting Viola and her child—and, after the deed was effected, so to dispose of the poniard, as to make the horrid catastrophe appear the work of her distempered hand: and better to colour this supposition, conte Vicenza, an adept in the art of forgery, wrote a few unconnected lines, in imitation of the duchessa's writing, addressed to don-Manuel, and highly expressive of mental derangement.

At the usual hour Leonora retired to her supper, and as usual the lovely duchessa was the sole nurse, and tender guard of her Matilda, who lay sleeping in her bed, unconscious of her inestimable mother's approaching fate—Viola kneeling by the side of her babe, exactly in that employment in which a Christian would wish to die. She was at prayers when the ruthless Sanguinario entered the room, unseen, unheard, by the pious victim, into whose beauteous bosom he plunged the weapon of unmerited vengeance. The lamp which lay upon a table near, at that dreadful moment emitted a brightened ray; it gloomed upon the face of Viola. Sanguinario now beheld her celestial countenance, and for the first time knew who the victim was he had been ordered to immolate. The fatal blow recoiled upon his hitherto callous heart, and defeated the further progress of his murderous mission. Dashing the reeking poniard from his trembling hand, he frantically retreated. So shaken, so conscious-struck, his senses fled, never to return, and left him that miserable wretch the dismayed Victoria beheld in the cavern.

With her death-blow Viola received the conviction of the cruel hand which ultimately directed it; and trembling for the safety of her child, she snatched it from the bed: and although feeling the stream of life fast issuing from her bosom, she took the lamp into the library, where she placed it to light her as with faltering steps she measured her way to the parlour, where she conjectured don Manuel then was. With the convulsive hand of death she opened the room door, where sat don Manuel with her three murderers, Elfridii, Polydore, and Garcias. She staggered towards the petrified Ambrosio, put her child into his arms, with a supplicating look that conveyed more than language could have expressed, then instantly sunk at his feet, and closed her beauteous eyes for ever.

(To be continued)

History

History of Portugal. By Mr. John Adamson.

CHAPTER II.

The Portugese the first Navigators. Historical Dissertation on the present state of the Marine—particularly that of England.

AFTER the revolution, which divided the Roman empire into so many different sovereignties, each of which had its institution, its laws, and its forces, the governments of a middling extent, could not expect to increase their dominions. This was the time when it was to be determined whether Portugal should remain a small and poor monarchy; or should open to itself a passage to power and grandeur, by some remarkable undertaking.

Europe could furnish it with no means of aggrandisement: the court of Lisbon, therefore, made choice of the ocean as the field of its enterprises. When a government forms a design to increase its powers by land, it generally has some knowledge how it should be conducted; but it is impossible to say how it may be managed at sea; every thing is new on this element; its events, its vicissitudes, and even its dangers, may lead to grandeur.

The Portuguese were the first navigators; for we cannot call by the name of navigation, those little voyages made from one coast to another, without ever being out of sight of land.

This people opened the universe, which had been shut up ever since the creation. They united all the different parts of the globe, which was one of the greatest events that ever happened; not only on account of the influence it had over the several sovereigns of kingdoms, but also of the revolutions it occasioned among mankind.

John I. John II. and Emanuel, three great princes, who happily succeeded each other, promoted this general reunion. We must, however, presume they were ignorant of the advantages, or disadvantages the human race would derive from these discoveries; for the different enterprises, which are undertaken, the honour of success is often given to kings, who were totally inactive, and they are often blamed for misfortunes, in which they never had a share.

History does not record a royal project, conceived with such boldness and superiority of genius; the Portugese had no plan to imitate, they had to build a marine, and open a passage to India by a route unknown to all the world.

Vasco de Gama, who had the management of this enterprize, the greatest ever trusted to man, encountered the inevitable dangers and fatigues of a navigation, where experience afforded him no relief, when opposed to the changes perpetually occurring at sea.

Gama, having sailed through unknown seas, arrived at India three months after his departure from Lisbon. This voyage, the longest and most hazardous which had been ever undertaken, leads us to reflect, that if any thing demands our attention, it must be the present state of the marine. Every thing is new in this department; its origin, its progress, and its perfection, bear no resemblance to the other branches of administration; which have been imitated, and often merely copied one from another.

It is certain that an element uninhabitable by man, ought not to be the theatre of his ambition; therefore the marine advanced slower to perfection than the other arts.

The ancients, from whom we have treatises on all the other sciences, have left us nothing relating to navigation. Rome, that became the mis-

tress

treſs of the world, and Carthage, that diſputed this honour with her, knew but the coaſt of the Mediterranean; their navies conſiſted of flat-bottomed boats, and theſe anſwered every purpoſe to navigate the narrow ſtreight, which ſeparates Europe from Africa. This was the only place where ſea battles were ever fought; and it is probable that, had not Carthage diſputed the empire of the world with Rome, Europe would never have had a marine; and that peace would have been for ever eſtabliſhed on an element, influenced by no revolutions, but thoſe of its own waves.

Before the riſe of navigation, the evils attached to the ſcourge of war, were confined to a few continents of the earth, but when the ſea alſo became the theatre of warfare, deſolation and misfortune were univerſal. After the fall of the Romans and Carthaginians, the only people who had diſcoloured the ſea with their blood; this element enjoyed a profound peace, during a period of twelve centuries; robberies committed by pirates, who never approached the ſhores but to carry off the inhabitants, cannot be denominated battles.

The immenſe ocean could not be navigated without a guide, and it was ſcarcely poſſible that the human mind could imagine it would ever poſſeſs one, when the compaſs was diſcovered. It is unknown in Europe, who was the inventor of this inſtrument; the Chineſe are ſuppoſed, being an enlightened nation, when the reſt of the world was in a ſtate of ignorance; but there is reaſon to believe we owe the invention to chance, as alſo of almoſt all the deadly inſtruments, which have deſolated the earth.

It is remarkable, in the events of this world, that we may charge the magnetic needle with the death of one hundred millions of men; ſo true it is, that the ſmalleſt diſcovery of the human mind can make ſuch a change in the face of the globe; and that if ſome acts are productive of much good, there are alſo others productive of much evil.

The only uſe the compaſs is of in navigation, is to point out how near they approach to, or how far they are diſtant from, the north. This was ſufficient for navigation, but not for warfare.

The diſcovery of the compaſs was the cauſe of many ſea battles; in which the combats were ſo much the more deadly, as they announced that revolution, which has overturned the ſyſtem of the univerſe.

The firſt battle we hear of in modern times was that of Lépanto, in he Mediterranean;* in which, for, the firſt time, about three hundred galleys, belonging to the Turks and Chriſtians, were engaged with a fury, which had never been obſerved in battles on ſhore. It has been obſerved that the ſea renders the combatants more fierce, and that their courage appears to increaſe with the fury of the waves. There is this difference between battles on ſhore and ſea fights; that the former are ſubordinate to order and military diſcipline, which in ſome meaſure diminiſhes the carnage, while the latter continue wanton in their cruelty. At ſea a naval power has no retreat but on the waves, which makes it fight till its force is almoſt totally extinguiſhed.

The ſecond great battle fought at ſea, was that of the invincible armada, fitted out by Philip II. The grandeur and number of his ſhips, led to a conjecture, for the firſt time in Europe, that the lord of the ſea might become the ſovereign of the whole earth. Yet this undertaking did not ſucceed, and Philip ſaw his vaſt

NOTE.

* At Leeds Caſtle, in Kent, is a very large painting of the battle of Lépanto: the picture is ancient, and very valuable.

vaſt project of ruling the waves fruſtrated; it was not the nation with which Spain was at war that gained the battle, it was the tempeſt which gave the victory; an important leſſon to thoſe maritime powers, which ought rather to miſtruſt this element, than depend upon their navies for protection.

The Dutch took the ſceptre of the ocean from the hands of the Spaniards, and ſince that time have preſerved the empire of an element, which for want of land, ſerves them for domains. They are the only power of Europe which has eſtabliſhed itſelf on the ſea. When a people cannot ſubſiſt on their own element, they naturally look out for another.

The civil wars raging in almoſt all the kingdoms of Europe, contributed to place the ocean under the dominion of theſe republicans. It is remarkable in the hiſtory of eſtabliſhments, that ſecondary cauſes have generally befriended the firſt.

In the mean time England, recovered from its domeſtic contentions, wiſhed, under the ambitious adminiſtration of Cromwell, to divide the empire of the ſeas with Holland, or rather to acquire the ſuperiority; for when a kingdom, of more extended empire and greater power, oppoſes another inferior in both, it ſeldom heſitates to impoſe laws to it.

The Dutch, that they might not degenerate, fought for a long time with the Engliſh, for at leaſt a competition, which at ſea is looked upon as an equality.

France, which before had confined itſelf to land, and on which it had become very powerful, aſpired to the empire of the ſeas. Lewis XIV. purchaſed a navy. This prince did with money, what money before his time could not do; he ſupplied, by this metal, what nature had refuſed his country, a country ſufficiently powerful to defend itſelf by land, but too weak to fight at ſea; beſides which, France enjoyed not a commerce flouriſhing enough to keep up a grand navy; of which mercantile navigation is the ſupport, and would have to combat with thoſe nations, which, having no reſources but from the ocean, are by nature maritime.

Lewis joined the ſea flag to the land ſtandard, thinking that the former would ſtrengthen the latter; but this prince, at other times enlightened, was deceived in this reſpect; inſtead of ſtrengthening, it was certain to weaken it. The battle of La Hogue diſcovered to the French this important truth, of which, however, they are not thoroughly convinced.

The Romans were alone able to rule over both elements, becauſe they poſſeſſed a coerceive power, which made every thing ſubmit to them: but as power in a general ſenſe is divided into as many different branches as there are governments; a nation cannot acquire the dominion of the ſea without loſing that of the land, nor augment its power on the one, without weakening itſelf on the other: a ſyſtem which if it could be adopted by certain nations of Europe, would in a great meaſure prevent the evils ariſing on both elements.

It is evident from the hiſtory of maritime powers, that one nation cannot have the ſuperiority both at ſea, and on ſhore. At the time that England ſent its forces out of its iſland to govern France, it poſſeſſed ſcarcely a ſhip; becauſe at that time it aſpired to be powerful on land; its government was anxious to have ſoldiers in lieu of ſailors, and fortifications inſtead of ſhips: it was not until it loſt its influence on ſhore, that it fought the empire of the ocean.

Its marine may date its riſe from the time when the French obliged its forces to repaſs the channel, and when Calais became the frontier of England. To the ſmallneſs of the iſland it owes the grandeur of its ma-

rine,

rine, and the ſuperiority it has acquired at ſea.

It is not neceſſary to coincide in opinion with this nation, as to its poſſeſſing the dominion of the ſeas from the time of Cæſar: it is anxious to trace back the origin and eſtabliſhment of its marine to ancient times, when in reality it is very modern; we mean here the men of war, and not the merchant veſſels, which in an iſland muſt of courſe be ancient: the inhabitants having to procure by ſea, what their own land refuſes them.

Henry VIII. deſirous of having a little fleet, was obliged to purchaſe ſhips of the Genoeſe and Venetians, then poſſeſſing many veſſels; at this time they have ſcarce any. The empire of the ſea has made a change in its rulers, as well as that of the earth its ſovereigns.

Elizabeth, who joined the ambition of a woman with the deſire of appearing a great queen, was the firſt eſtabliſher of the Engliſh marine, and yet ſhe left but forty ſhips of the line, which at that time was a great navy. Charles II. more engaged in his pleaſures than in increaſing his power, added forty-three. A taſte for naval affairs had already gained ground, and when a nation poſſeſſes the ſpirit of admination, the ſovereign has only to protect and encourage it.

As ſoon as the marine of England roſe into repute, that of Portugal ceaſed to exiſt.

Nov. 9, 1807.

Hiſtory of Britiſh Printers, Bookſellers, and Stationers. By the Rev. Mark Noble, F. A. S. of L. and E. *(Continued from Page 86.)*

WE may well ſuppoſe letter-founding now to have been a good trade, as ſo many ſet up as printers and bookſellers, who before were perſons of no proſpect in life.—Printing had originally been, as it were, an hereditary buſineſs, but the civil war brought a great many of their workmen into the trade; it tended, however, to lower their conſequence: the bookſellers held themſelves far beyond the printers in importance; and though at firſt the printers made a great diſplay of their names, now they contented themſelves with only modeſtly putting the initials. Some works, as well in the reign of Charles I. as in the uſurpation, which were in the eyes of the ruling powers peculiarly obnoxious, were without either the name of printer or bookſeller. '*England's petition to the king*,' was 'printed on the day of Jacob's trouble, and to make way (in hope) for its deliverance out of it; May 5, 1643.' So The '*Myſtery of the good old cauſe*,' was printed in the firſt year of England's liberty, after almoſt twenty years ſlavery, 1660.' Such publications would have endangered the lives of the printers, if they had dared to have put their names to them. Some of the light ſquibs and crackers of the day have whimſical notices of printing.

It was a period of ſigns, as well as wonders; all engaged in literature, had their ſigns, not manual but liminial. This had been the practice from the beginning. Ames has given us the devices of ſome of our early printers.

The ſtationers' company alſo had their grant of arms, as it were, to ſanction ſuch devices. Philip and Mary gave them '1 *Sable, on a chevron, between* 3 *Bibles Or, a Falcon riſing, with* 2 *Roſes, Gules, ſeeded of the* 2*nd. In chief in a Glory, a dove expanded, proper.*' Thomas Day adopted the ſign of the *ſun*; and alluſive to his own name, and that printing was to illumine the world, which had been in ignorance, he took for his motto, *Ariſe, for it is* DAY.—The ſun became a favourite ſign

with

with various bookſellers, probably as having come from the original ſun. Printers and bookſellers, who only dealt in bibles, might well take for ſigns, one or three of the ſacred volumes. The king's arms, the roſe and crown, the king's head, the queen's arms, the queen's head, and the prince's arms, might well ſignify, that they who uſed ſuch ſigns, were loyal men, and employed by ſuch great perſonages: it is to the credit of all uſurpers, that none of theſe ſigns were forbidden, even from the time of the king's murder, until the reſtoration, though the royal arms were removed from churches and courts of juſtice for the *ſtate*'s arms, which the wags called the *beaſt's breeches*; remarked too, that God and the common wealth were not on the ſame ſide, alluding to the inſcription upon their money.* We have alſo '*The City Coat.*' Epiſcopal books might well be ſold at the *biſhop's head*, or the *mitre*. Religious ones at the *holy lamb*, or the *angel*, or *Catherine wheel*. Roman catholic ones at the *pope's head*, or the *croſs keys*. It was a royal conceſſion to let his holineſs have his ſacred noddle appear publicly in a proteſtant capital, when Henry VIII. would not permit even the word *pope* to remain in any printed book, and I have one or more volumes printed in his reign, before his quarrel with Clement VII. that has had afterwards the obnoxious word obliterated with a pen. Why we had the Turk's head, ſeems marvellous; the ſultans not being patrons of learning. Law books might well be purchaſed at the judge's head. Nautical works at the ſhip, the mermaid, or the dolphin: philanthropy at the hand in hand: military at the gun, the helmet, or the three daggers, bacchanal publications at the vine, the tun, and the half bowl; botany at the fleur de lis, or the marygold.—As to the white lion, black bear, red bull, green dragon, brazen ſerpent, unicorn, talbot, and fox; the phœnix, peacock, three pigeons, parrot, black ſwan, and raven, theſe might be ſuppoſed to treat of natural hiſtory; but I believe they conveyed no more meaning, than the materials of which they were formed, half ideas. Time well expreſſed works of moral improvement of the mind, intimating that we ſhould ſeize opportunity. The windmill did very well for the whimſies of the fancy, as well as for all religious and political changes, of which there were not a few, in that prolific period of alterations. Agricultural books had an appropriate ſign in the hand and plough, or the harrow. In thoſe of ſtrength and beauty, Adam and Eve was a ſelect ſign; or it might be applied to population. As to works of imagination, Ben Johnſon's head was well choſen, and the more ſo as Pollard, its owner, was the great romance bookſeller. Walkly, an author himſelf, had the flying horſe; but I do not know whether he ever mounted the Pegaſus: his catalogues are the beſt of his works, but liſts of names, and flowing numbers ill agree. Emery, at the eagle and child, I ſuppoſe was brought up by the Stanley family, as it ſhewed his gratitude. Had John of Ghent been in the land of the living, I ſhould have ſuppoſed Crawford, at the caſtle and lion, had been patronized by his titular majeſty of Caſtile and Leon. The blazing ſtar, the ſeven ſtars, and the hand and ſtar, were all as rivals to different ſuns. After all, the ſign of the *printing preſs*, adopted by both Eld and Speed, was the moſt in character. Do, mr. Editor, excuſe a little rambling here. I have broke in too much upon your time and paper, in mentioning all the moſt noted

NOTE.

* We do not find the *protector*'s head for ſigns until after the reſtoration, when we have *tumble down Dick*; nor the protector's or the ſtates, the commonwealth's arms: proofs that they were not popular.

noted ſigns of times now long ſince paſſed away, it muſt have been a gazing age, no wonder it was a ſtiff-necked generation.

But to be ſerious, Oliver, once in the ſaddle, was more abſolute than the monarch he had murdered. His highneſs required full as much ſtate as any of our kings. Henry VIII. had Pynſon and Tyndal as his printers. Edward VI. Wolf, a Swiſs, to print Hebrew, Greek, and Latin; and Torrentin, a German by birth, but who had been a printer at Florence, to publiſh the Pandects. But Cawood and Jugge were printers of proclamations and ſtate books in that reign, and in Mary I.'s, though Totil had the law department. Elizabeth continued Cawood and Jugge; ſhe afterwards had Field, and then began the Barker family to be the royal printers, who continued ſo for three generations. One of them, Robert Barker, died a priſoner for debt in the king's bench, in 1645.6; no doubt owing to the diſtraction of that period. Bill alſo was a printer to Charles I. Elizabeth gave Chayet-wert the privilege of printing all books of the common law. The parliament had employed Huſbands. The protector appointed John Field, and Henry Hills. Field probably was a deſcendant of Elizabeth's printer, and he was printer to Cambridge, of which he ſtyled himſelf, ACADAMIA TYPOGRAPHIA. The protector little regarded the charter of the ſtationers, as we ſee by their humble petition, March 6, 1655, to ſecretary Thurloe, relative to a grant given to Hills and Field, to print bibles; it threatened ruin to many of the company.

Oliver had no biſhop of London who could licence the preſs. He uſed a ſtronger meaſure, by placing commiſſioners over the bookſellers and printers, for their proper regulations. Theſe were the major generals of literature. They acted ſuitably to their appointment, as we ſee by the commitment of Nathaniel Brook of Cornhill, called a ſtationer; but he was alſo a bookſeller. Many of the tracts againſt Oliver were printed in Holland. All his vigilance did not prevent *Killing no Murder* appearing.

At the reſtoration there could not be leſs than from 130 to 140 bookſellers and printers in London. Many of theſe undoubtedly ſtarved others, yet there were more calls for ſmall tracts than can now be imagined. Pamphlets of all kinds; ſingle ſermons, eſpecially funeral ones, teemed at that time. All the rival ſects had each its own ſaints, and every one who died, who was not groſsly immoral, was ranged amongſt the beatified by the different preachers. The works before the reſtoration, particularly after the commencement of the civil war, were generally relative to religion and politics. There are a few exceptions.

A Full and Intereſting Account of the Brazils, &c. (Continued from page 100.)

LAWS.

THE form of their laws is called *cariacao*, the witneſſes *coriente*, and the perſon accuſed *cariade*. A man is here ſeized, impriſoned, and the depoſitions taken againſt him; and after continuing a certain time, (whoſe greater or leſs duration depends upon money and intereſt) he is examined. His anſwers, whether of denial, confeſſion, or information, are written and ſigned: he is then remanded back to his confinement. Some farther time elapſes according to the magnitude or inſignificance of the affair, when the *cariacao* takes place; the accuſed and accuſer are confronted, the accuſation is read, and the priſoner is deſired to give his anſwers on its truth, and what he has

to defend it. After theſe are noted, the firſt examination of the priſoner is repeated to the witneſs, whoſe remarks on it are alſo taken down, and the papers are ſigned by both parties. This is tranſacted by a judge, or miniſter, and two clerks, whoſe ſignature is added, to authenticate the whole. The papers then paſs to the court of juſtice, who decide finally on the queſtion, and pronounce ſentence; from which in ſome caſes, appeal lies to the grand court in Liſbon, or it is referred to the clemency of the prince.

Their legal procedure for *crim. con.* is the following:—The firſt application is made to the judical power, which gives orders to confine the trail culprit till the iſſue of the affair; and then, after the examination of witneſſes, &c. tranſmits the documents and refers the final determination and ſentence of divorce to the eccleſiaſtical court, ſo far as reſpects the man and wife; reſerving to itſelf the puniſhment of the male delinquent. This latter meaſure conſiſts of a ſevere fine and impriſonment, towards thoſe who can afford it; but ſometimes of tranſportation to Angola.

The buſineſs is always diſpatched without delay; and if the caſe be very flagrant, the female is doomed to a convent for life, to be maintained by the huſband at about ten-pence per diem. The parties cannot marry again during their joint lives.

The generality of crimes are puniſhed with impriſonment; but the atrocious one of murder and treaſon, with death, unleſs the parties are opulent; in which caſe they too often eſcape, by means of the ſubtilties of the law, by appeal, or by pardon. Puniſhment by torture is forbidden, and *fecretos* are ſubſtituted in its ſtead. The laws reſpecting debtors are extremely lenient; a late ordinance at Bahia prohibits impriſonment for debt, unleſs it be a ſwindling or fraudulent tranſaction, which is puniſhed by confinement till reſtitution is made, or the injured party relents. If an individual finds himſelf unable to pay his creditors, he delivers over to them his effects, which are ſold and divided, and he is free; but if he neglects to do this, or refuſes to pay, the creditors ſeize by diſtraint every thing he has, except the clothes on his perſon, and have claims on whatever property he may afterwards acquire, till the debt is liquidated.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

The male inhabitants generally dreſs as in Liſbon, following the Engliſh modes; except that when viſiting on a holiday, they have an exceſs of embroidery and ſpangles on their waiſtcoats, and lace to their linen. The ſword they have totally thrown aſide, (except in office); and cocked hats are going out of faſhion. Shoe and knee buckles of ſolid gold, and of their own manufacture, are very common; and they are fondly attached to every ſpecies of finery. On their return home, theſe gala clothes are inſtantly taken off, and a gown or thick jacket adopted by ſome in their ſtead, while others content themſelves remaining in their ſhirt and drawers.

The uſual dreſs of the ladies is a ſingle petticoat over a chemiſe. The latter is compoſed of the thinneſt muſlin, and is generally much worked and ornamented; it is made ſo full at the boſom, that on the ſmalleſt movement it drops over one or both ſhoulders, leaving the breaſt perfectly expoſed; and beſides this, it is ſo tranſparent, that the ſkin is every where viſible underneath. This violation of feminine delicacy appears the more diſguſting, as the complexion of the Braziliahs is in general very indifferent, approaching to an obſcure tawny colour. Stockings are ſcarcely ever uſed; and during the rainy ſeaſon, which is to them cold, they ſhuffle about in a pair of ſlippers, and are accomodated with a thick

thick blue and white cotton wrapper, or a woollen great coat faced with ſhag, ſimilar to the German *cavoys*. When attending maſs, a deep black ſilk mantle, worn over the head, conceals the tranſparent coſtume beneath. They ſet the hair grow to a great length: it is twiſted, faſtened in a knot on the head, and always loaded with a profuſion of powder of tapioca. On ſome public occaſions, and viſits of ceremony, a few ladies of rank adopt the European dreſs.

The ſingular cuſtom of permitting the end of the thumb, or forefinger, (ſometimes both) to grow to a hideous length, and then putting it to a ſharp point, is common to both ſexes. This excreſcence, however, is not without its uſe, as it ſerves the men to divide the fibres from the tobacco leaf, and cut it into ſhape preparatory to rolling it into ſegars, to the ſmoaking of which they are greatly addicted. Their viols and guitars are alſo thrummed with this nail, the flouriſhing diſplay of which adds, in their opinion, a beauty to the inſtrument. And laſtly, theſe ſacred nails are conſidered as diſtinguiſhing the wearers for an eaſy indolence, which in this country is no trivial recommendation.*

At Bahia, there is a Portugueſe comic theatre, under the management of an Italian. The houſe is nothing better than a barn, and the acting, decorations, &c. are in uniſon. The muſic is the only tolerable part.

The chief amuſements of the citizens are the feaſts of the different ſaints, proceſſions of nuns, ſumptuous funerals, the holy or paſſion week, &c. Scarcely a day paſſes without ſome one or other of theſe feſtivals occurring. Sometimes, on grand occaſions, after coming from church, they viſit each other, and have a more plentiful dinner than common, under the term banquet; during and after which they drink unuſual quantities of wine; and when elevated to an extraordinary pitch, the guitar or violin is introduced, and ſinging commences; but the ſong ſoon gives way to the enticing negro dance.—This is a mixture of the dances of Africa, and the fandangos of Spain and Portugal. It conſiſts of an individual of each ſex dancing to an inſipid thrumming of the inſtrument, always to one meaſure, with ſcarcely any action of the legs, but with every lewd motion of the body, joining in contact during the dance, in a manner ſtrangely immodeſt.—The ſpectators aiding the muſic with an extemporaneous chorus, and clapping of the hands, enjoying the ſcene with an indeſcribable zeſt.—Theſe amuſements, with parties into the country, and a few others of a trifling nature, added to the enervating idleneſs in which the Brazilians are plunged, conſtitute their whole happineſs.

NATURAL GEOGRAPHY.

In Brazil, ſays mr. Pinkerton, (Geog. Vol. III. p. 723.) the rainy ſeaſon begins in April, and ends in Auguſt. This is called the winter, though, in fact, the heat is equal or ſuperior to that of the dry ſeaſon, or ſummer. Theſe terms are ſo arbitrary in South America, that if it rain in the morning, the expreſſion is—'what a dreadful winter!' And if the ſun ſhine in the afternoon—'what a beautiful ſummer!' The ſoil teems with fertility, and rather requires to be exhauſted than manured.

MINES.

M. Bougainville, in his voyage round the world, ſeems to have collected

NOTE.

* It is a curious circumſtance, that a ſingular cuſtom prevails in China, where the men of learning, as they ſtile themſelves, ſuffer the nails of their little fingers to grow ſometimes to the enormous length of 3 inches, for the ſole purpoſe of giving ocular demonſtration of the impoſſibility of their being employed in any ſort of manual labour.—See Barrow's Travels.

lected the beſt information upon this ſubject, and upon the revenue of Brazil.

'Rio Janeiro is the ſtaple and principal outlet of the riches of Brazil. The mines called General, are the neareſt to the city, at the diſtance of about ſeventy-five leagues. They yield to the king, every year, for his right of fifths, at leaſt a hundred and twelve arrobas of gold; in 1762, they yielded a hundred and nineteen. Under the captaincy of the General Mines, are comprehended thoſe of Rio do Morte, of Sabara, and of Serro-frio. The laſt, beſides gold, produces all the diamonds that comes from Brazil. They are found at the bottom of a river, of which they turn the courſe, in order to ſeparate from the pebbles in its bed, the diamonds, topazes, chryſolites, and other ſtones of inferior quality.

'Of all theſe ſtones, the diamonds alone are contraband: they belong to the undertakers, who are obliged to give an exact account of the diamonds found, and to place them in the hands of the intendant appointed by the king for this purpoſe, who depoſits them immediately in a caſket encircled with iron and ſhut with three lock. He has one of the keys, the viceroy another, and the aſſayer of the treaſury the third. This caſket is encloſed in a ſecond, ſealed by the three perſons above-mentioned, and which contains the three keys of the firſt. The viceroy has not the power of viſiting its contents. He only conſigns the whole to a third ſtrong coffer, which he ſends to Liſbon, after having ſet his ſeal on the lock. They are opened in the preſence of the king, who choſes what diamonds he pleaſes, and pays the price to the undertakers at the rate fixed by their agreement.

'The undertakers pay to his moſt faithful majeſty the value of a piaſtre Spaniſh money, each day, for every ſlave employed in ſearching for diamonds; and the number of theſe ſlaves may amount to eight hundred. Of all kinds of contraband trade that of diamonds is the moſt ſeverely puniſhed. If the offender be poor, it coſts him his life; if he has wealth ſufficient to ſatisfy the law, beſides the confiſcation of the diamonds, he is condemned to pay twice their value, to one year's impriſonment, and is afterwards baniſhed for life to the coaſt of Africa. Notwithſtanding this ſeverity there is a great contraband of diamonds, even of the moſt beautiful, the hope and eaſe of concealing them being increaſed by the ſmall ſize of the treaſure.

'The gold drawn from the mines cannot be carried into Rio Janeiro, without being firſt brought to the ſmelting houſes eſtabliſhed in each diſtrict, where the right of the crown is received. What reſults to private perſons is remitted in bars, with their weight, number, and the royal arms. All this gold has been aſſayed by a perſon appointed for this purpoſe, and on each bar is imprinted the ſtandard of the gold, ſo that afterwards in the coinage the operation neceſſary to eſtimate their due ſtandard may be eaſily performed.

'Theſe bars beloning to individuals, are regiſtered in the factory of La Praybuna thirty leagues from Rio Janeiro. In this ſtation are a captain, lieutenant, and fifty men; here is paid the right of fifths; and beſides a toll of a real and a half per head on men, cattle, and beaſts of burden.—Half of the produce of this duty belongs to the king, and the other half is divided between the detachment according to rank. As it is impoſſible to return from the mines without paſſing by this office, all perſons are there ſtopped, and ſearched with the greateſt ſeverity.

'Individuals are afterwards obliged to carry all the gold in bars, which belongs to them, to the mint of Rio Janeiro, where the value is given in

coin,

coin, commonly in half doubloons, each worth eight Spaniſh dollars. Upon each of theſe half doubloons, the king gains a dollar, by the alloy and the right of coinage. The mint of Rio Janeiro is one of the moſt beautiful which exiſt; it is furniſhed with every convenience to work with the greateſt celerity. As the gold arrives from the mines at the ſame time that the fleets arrive from Portugal, it is neceſſary to accelerate the work of the mint, and the coinage proceeds with ſurpriſing quickneſs.

'The arrival of theſe fleets renders the commerce of Rio Janeiro very flouriſhing, but chiefly that of the Liſbon fleet. That of Porto is only laden with wines, brandy, vinegars, proviſions, and coarſe cloths, manufactured in that city or its environs. Soon after the arrival of the fleets, all the merchandiſe brought is taken to the cuſtom-houſe, where it pays ten per cent. to the king. It is to be obſerved, that at preſent, the communication of the colony of St. Sacramento with Buenos Ayres, being ſeverely prohibited, theſe rights muſt experience a conſiderable diminution.* Almoſt all the moſt precious articles were ſent from Rio Janeiro to the colony of Sacramento, whence they were ſmuggled by Buenos Ayres into Chili and Peru; and this fraudulent commerce was worth every year to the Portugueſe more than a million and a half of dollars. In a word, the mines of Brazil produce no ſilver; all that the Portugueſe poſſeſs is acquired by this contraband trade. The negro trade was alſo an immenſe object to them. It is impoſſible to compute the loſs occaſioned by the almoſt entire ſuppreſſion of this branch of contraband trade. It is occupied alone at the leaſt thirty veſſels in the coaſting trade from Brazil to La Plata.

'Beſides the antient right of ten per cent. paid to the royal cuſtom-houſe, there is another of two and a half per cent. impoſed under the title of free gift, ſince the diſaſter at Liſbon in 1755. It is paid immediately on leaving the cuſtom-houſe, whereas a delay of ſix months is granted for the tenth, on giving good ſecurity.

'The mines of St. Paolo and Parnagua yield to the king four arrobas for the fifths every year. The moſt diſtant mines, as thoſe of Pracaton and Quiaba (Cuyaba), depend on the captaincy of Matogroſo. The fifth of the above mines is not received at Rio Janeiro, but that of the mines of Goyas is deducted. This captaincy alſo poſſeſſes diamond mines which are forbidden to be worked.

'The whole of the expence of the king of Portugal at Rio Janeiro, for the payment of the troops and civil officers, and for the charges of the mines, the maintanance of the public buildings, the careening of veſſels, amounts to about ſix hundred thouſand dollars. The expences of building ſhips of the line and frigates there ſtationed are not included.

'*Recapitulation, and the amount of the average of different objects of royal revenue.*

	Dollars.
'A hundred and fifty arrobas of gold, the average produce by the royal fifths, are in Spaniſh money	1,125,000
The duty on diamonds	240,000
The duty on coinage	400,000
Ten per cent. from the cuſtom-houſe	350,000
Two and a half per cent. of free gift	87,000
Right of toll, ſale of employments, offices, and generally all the profits of the mines	225,000
Duty on ſlaves	110,000
Duty on fiſh oil, ſalt, ſoap, and the tenth on the proviſions of the country	130,000
Total	2,667,000

NOTE.

* The colony of St. Sacramento has ſince been deſtroyed.

'From which, deducting the above expences, it will be seen that the king of Portugal draws from Rio Janeiro, a revenue exceeding ten millions of French livres.'*

Fashionable Walking and Ball Dress.

DRESS of French cambric, flowered or escaloped round the bottom, and made close to the throat: the collar trimmed with a vandyke lace: close coat of royal purple kerseymere, edged all round with a gold cord, and fastened at the neck with gold buttons, and embroidered button-holes: a cap of purple velvet, trimmed with a light fancy fur, and ornamented with a gold cord and taffels: purple half boots or high shoes, and York-tan gloves.

A short dress of India muslin, richly worked and trimmed round the bottom with a large French lace:—the bosom and sleeves of entire lace, with vandyke edgings; the dress worn over white sarsenet or satin; necklace and other ornaments of cornelian. Hair dressed in a natural and easy style, and ornamented with artificial flowers: white kid gloves and satin shoes.

All for the Best.—A Tale.

I HAD spent the whole day in reflecting on the happiness which the wicked enjoy in this world, and the woes which fall to the lot of the virtuous; night began to spread her veil over the surrounding objects, but who could taste peaceful slumbers on a bed of down, while the unfortunate pines in want, whilst his plaintive voice reproaches us with our indifference, and awakens in our hearts the most lively commiseration! Not the friend of humanity; his feeling soul is too strongly interested in the fate of his fellow-creatures, to lose all remembrance of their concerns, and he only longs for a state of felicity which may be shared with others.

Fatigue, however, had insensibly lulled me to rest; but my thoughts continued to follow the bent of my former reflections. I did not lose sight of the miseries of a large portion of mankind, and my heart still bled for them. I still, though dreaming, beheld with indignation, the triumph of insolent vice, and the insults to which fearful virtue is exposed in the imperfect world which we inhabit. I experienced those pangs, which every man who does not contract his being in the narrow circle of his own existence, must feel, when employed in such contemplations. Sad and gloomy, I wandered through the fertile plains of Azora; but the peace that reigned on the face of nature did not reach my heart. Injustice, crime, and tyranny incessantly recurred to my memory and darkened the beauty of the richest prospects. Now I heard the screams of hungry poverty, calling aloud for assistance, and now the noise of rejoicing and festivity burst from the dwelling of hardened opulence, rioting in superfluities. All the woes that overwhelm the humankind, and the sorrows with which it is devoured, afflicted my imagination; I sighed, and the sweet, yet bitter sting of pity wounded my breast. Rushing tears bedewed my cheeks, I could not check my indignation, and dared to arraign the wisdom of that supreme intelligence who rules the tide of human events.

'O God!' I exclaimed, 'let me hear no more the sobs of misery and the groans of despair; let me see no more man murdering his brother, the threatening sword of despotism, and the degrading fetters with which oppression loads its victims: or close my heart to the influence of pity, that

NOTE.

* £.416,666.

that I may not grieve at sights of woe. Why, alas! hast thou granted life to so many beings, who did not ask for that painful gift? Was it only to see them awake from the sleep of non-existence, to watch over their sufferings and their death? Sorrow overflows this unhappy world, like a mighty torrent fed by eternal snows, whilst pleasure skims over its surface, like a light inconstant breeze.'

I was proceeding, when I felt myself carried through the air by an unseen power; the earth shook, the sky flamed with lightnings, and I scanned with terror the boundless space that gaped beneath me. I acknowledged I had sinned; and exclaimed, 'Forgive me, O my God! a weak being who adores thee, but who feels too acutely the woes of humanity.' On a sudden my feet rested on an unknown soil, and I remained a few moments wrapt in utter darkness, when a beam of light, quicker and brighter than the lightning's flash, burst through the enclasping gloom. I raised my eyes, and beheld a spirit adorned with six dazzling wings. The celestial flame that blazed on his brow, and the divine character of his features bespoke one of the angels of the eternal. 'Listen,' he told me, with a voice which dispelled my fear; 'Listen, and do not arraign the wisdom of Providence, for want of being acquainted with her ways: follow me.' I followed him to the foot of a mountain whose summit cleaved the skies. I ascended, or rather climbed, enormous rocks, whose overhanging weight threatened destruction to the plains beneath. Barren and deserted, the eye looked in vain amongst them for a tree or a plant, the emblem of living nature, it descried only a vast interminable chain of crags calcinated by the fires of Heaven. Trembling, I accompanied my guide, and the roarings of the tigers and lions, repeated by a thousand echoes, appalled my soul. At every step I was compelled to lean on the arm of the benevolent angel, and beheld around me, unfortunate mortals, who vainly attempted to climb over these steep rocks, hung suspended at their points, but soon exhausted with their violent exertions, tottered, called in vain for help, fell and rolled mangled into the yawning precipices, where hungry tigers feasted on their scattered limbs and panting carcases.

I shuddered in the expectation of a similar fate, when the angel addressed me: 'It is thus that Providence rewards the proud temerity of men. Why do mortals attempt to penetrate into impenetrable sanctuaries. Their first duty is to know their weakness. The springs of the universe obey the hand of a God, whose will it is to forgive your rashness and enlighten your mind.' At these words he touched my hands, and I found myself on the summit of the mountain. How delightful was my astonishment! the side which we now descended, formed a rich and magnificent garden, whose lively verdure, tufted with groves, and enamelled with flowers, refreshed the eye, whilst the harmonious songs of the birds, and the perfumes wafted by the breeze greeted and gratified the senses. A secret but powerful influence would have kindled the heart of indifference into raptures. My heavenly guide pointed to a temple of a wonderful construction, but the road which led to it was so intricate that it would have been impossible to reach it without a conductor.

At our approach the temple's gates burst open; we entered, and they were suddenly closed after us, by an invisible hand, with a noise like thunder. 'No one is able to open, no one is able to close these gates,' said the angel, 'but the voice of the Almighty.' Struck with awe, I read the following words, written in letters of gold:—'God is just, his

ways

ways are hidden; who shall dare to dive into his designs?' I glanced at the lofty elevation of the temple: the whole of this majestic edifice rested on three pillars of white marble; in the midst an altar stood, from which, instead of the statue of the Divinity, rose an odorous vapour, whose sweet perfumes embalmed the air. On the right of the altar, a table of black marble was suspended, and on the left a mirror of the purest chrystal. 'Here,' said the angel, 'you will learn that when Providence overwhelms a virtuous man with calamities, it is to lead him more safely to happiness.'—He said, and disappeared. The ice of fear no more chained my faculties, and a tide of pure, soft, and ineffable delight rushed through my heart. I shed tears of tenderness; my knees bent, I raised my arms towards Heaven, and could only adore in silence the Supreme Being. A majestic but gentle voice, addressed me thus: 'Rise, behold, and read.'

I cast my eyes upon the mirror, and perceived my friend Sadak; Sadak, whose firm and courageous virtue had often excited my wonder, who knew how to contend with poverty and render it respectable. I beheld him in a room the walls of which were bare; he rested his languishing head on the last piece of furniture which remained in his possession, his heart torn with hunger, and the still bitter pangs of despair. A single tear stole from his eye lids, a tear of blood! and the unfortunate dared not weep. Four children called upon him for bread, and the youngest, weak, expiring, and laid on a heap of straw, had already lost the power of crying, and heaved the last sighs of a life of misery. Saddened by grief, and forgetful of her love, the wife of my unhappy friend, reproached him with the excess of their misfortunes. These cruel reproaches stung him to the heart, and increased his torments; he started, turned his looks away from his children, and though weakened by a raging fever, dragged himself into the street to seek some relief for their wants. I saw him meet a man, who owed him the high station which he filled, he revealed to him the deplorable state of his family, the sufferings of his children, ready to expire in his arms for want of a little food. This man blushed at being forced to own his acquaintance, looked round with anxiety to ascertain whether he was observed speaking with a person who wore the livery of poverty, and rid himself of his importunities by deceitful promises, cold civilities, and then hurried away from the wretched Sadak. And it was the tenth time he had heard his prayers and returned the same answer! Grown desperate, my friend wandered, led by chance, till one of his creditors stopped him, loaded him with imprecations, gathered a crowd round the wretch, threatened him publicly, and was ready to strike him more through contempt than anger. At last I saw Sadak roam from door to door, holding out a supplicating hand, often rebuked, and but seldom receiving an alms granted to importunity alone. He bought a loaf, hastened home, shared it among his children, weeped with joy, whilst satisfying their hunger, and on his knees thanked Providence for the rich blessing he had bestowed upon him.

I threw a scream of grief, astonishment, and terror. My eyes, wet with tears, fell on the table of black marble, where an invisible hand wrote these words:—'Continue to observe Sadak, and condemn, if you dare, that Providence who rules the universe.' I once more looked at the mirror, and beheld my friend Sadak; but in what a different state! He was no more poor, it is true, but sincere, tender, virtuous, pitiful, full of honour and humanity; he was

now

now enriched by a ſudden and unexpected inheritance. Wealth had corrupted his virtue; ſleeping on the boſom of luxury; having ceaſed to ſuffer, he now forgot the ſufferings of others. With reſpect and admiration I read the words traced on the myſterious table:—'Virtue often pines, becauſe ſhe would be no longer virtue had the no adverſity with which to contend. When the all wiſe Providence gives miſery as the companion of a mortal, miſery is attended by patience, her ſiſter, and ſupported by courage. This gift renders virtue ſelf ſufficient, and enables her to feel happy even whilſt ſeemingly cruſhed with misfortunes.'

I caſt my eyes eagerly on the mirror, and how anxiouſly beat my heart when I beheld my country, and the fortunate city where I had drawn my breath! But, heavens! how ſoon was gladneſs turned into grief, when I ſaw its ſurrounding fields deluded with hoſtile armies; its ſtrong walls threatened with deſtruction by an hundred engines of war, the glimmering ſteel and the fires kindled by vengeance and hate. Rich and magnificent city! thou ſhudderedſt notwithſtanding the well-known courage of thy defenders. Thy wealth inflamed the thirſt for plunder of thy foes; in vain thy ſons bled in thy defence; thy enemies climbed over thy haughty towers, and burſt into thy boſom. Streams of blood ruſhed through thy ſtreets, death flew from houſe to houſe, and wide-ſpreading flames devoured thy lofty palaces. In a few hours thou layeſt a heap of ſtones wrapt in dark and brooding ſmoke. My unfortunate countrymen, who fled from their burning roofs, and eſcaped the rage of war, wandered helpleſs through the wood, and became the prey of famine that conſumed them ſlowly and prolonged the torments of their death. Merciful God! I exclaimed, ſhall a million of men fall victims to the ambition of a tyrant? Shall infants redden their mothers' breaſt with their blood; ſhall the white hair of age be dragged in the duſt, and innocence and beauty glut the appetite of a murderous hoſt; ſhall a whole city ſink into annihilation becauſe a deſpot thirſts after its treaſures?—'A country filled with iniquity,' anſwered the marble table, 'deſerves the ſevereſt puniſhment which the long deſpiſed juſtice of heaven can inflict. The innocent are thus prevented from becoming guilty; and if the hand of Providence has ſtruck them with death, it has ſnatched them from a more dangerous wreck than that of mortal exiſtence: they find an aſylum in the merciful boſom of the eternal God.'

The palace of the firſt miniſter Aliacin, the gilt pyramids of which reached the clouds, ſhone too magnificent to elude my ſight. How often had indignation fired my ſoul at the aſpect of this proſperous villain, who with a venal mind, a barbarous diſpoſition, a depraved conduct, and a deſpotic genius, had yet found means to yoke fortune to his car. His elevation was the reward of low actions; his treaſures, of treachery; for he had ſold his country for gold. A whole province groaned beneath his oppreſſive ſway. Now he laughed at the weak murmurings of a people bent under his yoke, and now he ſtyled ſeditious clamours the ſtifled moans of a ſuffering population. Every day was diſtinguiſhed by a new crime, and every crime attended with freſh ſucceſs.

Yet the interior of his palace, and the rich hangings of his apartments offered the moſt ſublime pictures of generous and virtuous deeds. The ſtatues of the great men of antiquity crowded the dwelling of the vileſt wretch; and theſe dumb marbles, far from awaking a ſenſe of right in his ſoul, were even ſeen by him without a reflection on his own indignity. I

beheld this wicked miniſter, cloathed with power, ſurrounded with flatterers, feared by his enemies, publicly praiſed, and curſed but in ſecret. Numberleſs precious rarities adorned his cloſet, and the price of each of them was an act of injuſtice.

The purple of his garments was bought with the money of thoſe he had reduced to beggary and nakedneſs, and the wine which he drank, in a cup ſparkling with coſtly gems, might rightly be called the eſſence of all the tears which he had cauſed to be ſhed.

He roſe from a ſumptuous table, and laid at the feet of a courtezan the patrimony of a newly plundered orphan. With her he repaired to the window, and quietly beheld the execution of a courageous citizen who had dared to remonſtrate with him on the abuſe he made of his authority. The innocent was ſcarcely ſtrangled, when a courier from the Sultan announced to him that as a reward for his valuable ſervices, he made him a preſent of a whole diſtrict. The villain ſmiled, and this new increaſe of power extended the ſphere of his crimes.

The hatred with which I loathed this barbarous tyrant, prompted me to glance repeatedly at the table of black marble, with the hope of reading the ſentence of his doom, but no word appeared. My eyes fell back on the mirror, and I perceived Aliacin entering a retired cloſet. With what exultation did I behold his countenance. Nature, his victims, and mankind were avenged. This proud miniſter who ſeemed the happieſt of men, read a letter, grew pale, ſhuddered, ſtamped with rage, and ſtruck his forehead with that hand that had lately ſigned the condemnation of innocence. Torn with pangs that he could not aſſuage, he ſtarted, ſunk back on a ſofa, ſtarted again, and paced his room like a madman, racked with fear, but not with remorſe. He plucked all the badges of his high dignities, trod them under his foot, and burſt into tears like a child. I was trying to gueſs the ſubject of his grief, when one of his favourite partners in crime, ſtill more degraded than his maſter, penetrated into his cloſet, and I learned the cauſe of Aliacin's deſpair: a ſpy of his at court had written to him, that a new ſtorm had gathered againſt him, and that unleſs he could deviſe ſome means of ſoon diſpelling it, it would ſweep away his credit, his rank, and perhaps his exiſtence. No ſooner had his debaſed confident heard the danger with which his maſter was threatened, than he heſitated not in adviſing him to a deed from which any other would have ſhrunk with horror. The wretch approved this counſel, and ordered his daughter to be brought into his preſence. Nouremi appeared; ſhe was handſome, and poſſeſſed many virtues. Deſpairing, ſhe heard that her father meant to proſtitute her to the Sultan's luſt, as a victim ſacrificed to the ſhrine of ambition. She fell at his feet, almoſt ſenſeleſs: the tears of beauty, of nature, of virtue, of innocence, were vain: a ſevere look commanded obedience; ſhe obeyed, and died with ſhame and ſorrow.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Woman. A Compariſon.

MR. EDITOR,

IT is really ſingular to remark what a true idea is formed of a *woman*, by comparing her to *a ſhip*—Conceive yourſelf her *Lady-Ship* very comely to the eye, extravagantly adorned and beautified with *flags* and *ſtreamers*. She occupies much time in rigging, than a whole fleet: her *cordage* and *tackling* are of fine ſilver twiſts, her *entering rope* only of pure gold; her ſails are ſilk, and of all the colours of the rainbow; her maſts and yards are ſtrong and ſerviceable; her ſheets, tacks, braces,

and

and tyes, are all coſtly; her cables, hawſers, ſhrouds, and ſounding lines, are of great price and ſmall profit; and contrary to any other *ſhip*, ſhe has neither foreſtay nor backſtay, for the wind lies in her will, and no cable or anchor, can have power to prevent her ſailing, when, and where ſhe pleaſes. In a word, ſhe is a fine timbered veſſel, and can ſail without any compaſs. Her ordnance and artillery are in her chaſe, and her powder and ammunition in her ſtern. She is capable of ſinking or blowing up any, who dare board or grapple with her. She is laden for a voyage with poor commodities, but generally returns home richly fraught with apes, monkeys, marmoſets, feathers, beads, and bracelets, cobweb lawn, green parrots, and Marlborough ſpaniels. The captain of this ſhip is *Vanity*. The veſſels under her command are—

1. *Dainty*, a ſhip purpoſely built for procuring far-fetched and dear-bought commodities.

2. *Pride*, an intolerably gaudy veſſel, with a particular lofty ſail, with top and top-gallant.

3. The *Boy*, a little frigate of ſmall ſervice.

4. The *Diſdain*, a great ſhip of much uſe, but of ſtrange courſe and ſteerage.

5. *Faſhion*, a galley only for the ſervice of the wardrobe.

6. The *Toy*, a pinnance to attend the Faſhion.

7. The *Wanton*, a ketch.

Jan. 19, 1808. NAUTICUS.

Louiſa De Vernon. A Moral and Sentimental Effuſion.

YE inexperienced fair! whoſe tender boſoms throb with a vain wiſh for worldly pleaſure; who, ſheltered under the guardian wings of parental ſolicitude or affectionate friendſhip, yet ſigh for the attainment of objects which can never confer happineſs; who, feeling no delight in the practice of ſimple virtue, as it is portioned with obſcurity, would ſwerve from the humble path where contentment has built her cottage, and, faſcinated by a too extreme fondneſs for dreſs, or a vanity of your perſons, oft unhappily become ſacrifices at the ſhrine of ambitious folly; when all that is left the deluded object on this ſide the grave are but the ceaſeleſs tears of remorſe, embittered by the cruel neglect of that ſex by whom ſhe was firſt betrayed, and increaſed by the taunting inſults of her own, whom they deem her to have unworthily degraded.*

I was led into the above melancholy train of ideas, on hearing of the fate of an amiable female, whom I had formerly known and reſpected. Like the moth, which is attracted a ſilly victim by the taper's blaze, her chaſtity became a ſacrifice to the enticements of a ſplendid libertine, whoſe affection (but why do I proſtitute that name?) fatiated with enjoying the firſt fruits of her reputation, ſoon changed its evaneſcent warmth for the cold indifference of diſdain, while the unhappy inſtrument of *his* baſeneſs, whom he had reduced to utter ruin, drinking the draught which miſery preſcribes to its victim in deſpair, like a flower which is torn and diſhevelled, drooped her head to the ground, and died.

'Heaven ſhower down its vengeance upon her perfidious ſeducer!' I exclaimed; 'and may he ſuffer tentold hereafter from the horrors of upbraiding compunctious conſcience, for thoſe pangs he has thus wantonly inflicted in the boſom of deſpoiled innocence.'

'She lies there!' rejoined the vil-

NOTE.

* I have the great and good Addiſon for my authority, who, ſpeaking of the frailer portion of females, in No. 266 of the Spectator, obſerves, 'that there is no one whom you ſhall hear the rigider part of womenkind ſpeak of with ſo little mercy'.

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lage youth of whom I had aſked the way, and pointing to a corner of the church-yard nearly oppoſite. I advanced, and opening the little wicket-gate where the pathway led acroſs, 'with broken and irregular footſteps' proceeded towards the grave where ſlept in calm ſilence the aſhes of Louiſa de Vernon.

It was a ſmall riſing plat of earth, over which the high graſs waved mournfully to and fro in the breeze, whilſt the ſplendor of the evening ſun, as it declined in the weſtern horizon, ſhone ſmilingly upon its narrow limits. The ſacredneſs of the precincts where I ſtood, and the 'frail memorials' of ſo many departed beings around, cauſed my boſom to heave voluntarily a tributary ſigh; till, caſting my eyes upon the unadorned receptacle of Louiſa, Sympathy, bleſt Sympathy! compelled me to weep; and who that knew thee, daughter of unmerited diſtreſs! in the full tide of thy proſperity (as I did), could have done leſs. Hadſt thou been alive to have related thy manifold ſufferings (for thou didſt feel them), thy eloquence would have infuſed tenderneſs into the ſteeled boſom of apathy, and attuned his iron heart-ſtrings with commiſeration for thy fate. But death hath arreſted thy progreſs in the grave, where pity, a generous mourner, ſhall with friendſhip oftimes repair, to ſprinkle the dew-drops of compaſſion on thy humble bed of clay.

In an evil hour diſſembling villany effected the ruin of thy virtue; and when too late to recover the loſt jewel of thy fame, thy too poignant feelings, bluſhing for their miſdeed, paid a ranſom for thy ſpirit's liberty in a broken contrite heart.

Heavens! what a change from the quick-witted paſtoral maid of the hamlet, to the cold and ſenſeleſs clod of the valley beneath. Pale are thoſe cheeks once animated with the ruby glow of health, and moulder-ing lies that form whoſe ſhape was ſymmetry itſelf. Yet though death hath wrapped thee, Louiſa, in the dark confines of the tomb, fond memory ſhall preſerve thy beauties unwithered in the mind, whilſt fancy ſhall oft pourtray thee ſitting in thy father's cottage ere the cankering thorn of miſery pierced the roſe bud of thy bliſs. Ah! happy were the days which then circled around thee, and ſmoothly glided thy little bark down the current of domeſtic peace. Sweet be thy pallet of reſt, Louiſa! and as I ſorrowfully bid thee adieu, reflection compels me to add, that through one weak act of indiſcretion, thou didſt mar every future happineſs which fortitude in ſtrictly virtuous conduct might have gained. Learn then, ye inconſiderate fair-ones, to withſtand the offerings of temptation, nor efface the ſimple ſnow-drop of chaſtity on your boſoms, for all the pleaſure-decked allurements vice deceitfully may beſtow.

Account of a Young Lady taking the Veil at Naples. (From Lemaiſtre's Travels after the Peace of Amiens.)

WHEN we ſtopped at the door of the church in which this dreadful ſacrifice was to be made, two gentlemen, dreſſed in uniform, relations of the lady about to aſſume the religious habit, came forward, and notwithſtanding a heavy ſhower of rain which was falling at the time, inſiſted on handing *le ſignore Inglese* up the ſtairs of the church. On entering, we received another mark of the civility ſhown to ſtrangers by the Neapolitan *nobleſſe*,—the front ſeats were reſerved excluſively for foreigners; by which arrangement we were enabled to ſee the ceremony to the greateſt advantage.

The church is a ſmall but pretty building,

building, decorated on all ſides with rich marble.

The relatives of the unfortunate girl, and all their friends, were in full dreſs, and inſtead of expreſſing any grief on the occaſion, ſeemed to conſider the event as extremely joyful. Liveline's ſat on the countenances of moſt of them; and the whole ſcene had rather the appearance of a triumph than of a ſacrifice.

Printed papers were diſtributed about the church; the contents of which were ſo curious, that though I will not tire you by copying them *verbatim*, I muſt give you the heads as characteriſtic of the ſentiments which prevail here on ſuch ſubjects. They formed together a dialogue; the *dramatis perſonæ* of which were the world and the fair novice. The one was intitled—'To her excellency Signora—the world ſpeaks,' and conſiſted of a poetical and flowery deſcription of the pleaſures of life. The other had written over it—'To the world her excellency Signora—anſwers.' In the latter the victim of ſuperſtition was made victoriouſly to prove the ſuperior bleſſings of contemplative eaſe and celeſtial joy, found in the calm retreat of a religious houſe; and diſdaining the tawdry and empty vanities offered by the world, ſhe declared how happy ſhe thought herſelf in being allowed to exchange theſe bawbles for the glorious ſervice of the heavenly ſpouſe, to which ſhe was about to devote the remainder of her days.

The ceremony began with ſome very good muſic. High maſs was then ſaid, and, in the middle of it, the unfortunate girl, a beautiful and elegant creature, not more than nineteen years of age, and by far the handſomeſt Neapolitan female, whom I have yet ſeen, appeared at the grate; near which a large, and rather diſorderly, crowd was collected. The confeſſor, ſtanding on the outer ſide, read ſome prayers, and gave the novice, through the grate, a wax taper lighted. The lovely victim, dreſſed in the moſt ſumptuous and faſhionable manner, and ornamented with jewels and other decorations, placed it on the altar of an inner chapel, and returning again to the grate, received from the prieſt a crucifix.—Joy ſparkled in her countenance as ſhe took the ſacred ſymbol of Chriſtianity, and, with enthuſiaſtic ardour, claſped it to her breaſt. She was then led away by the other nuns; and in a few minutes was brought back in a plain white flannel dreſs, the coſtume of the order. This change of garment had produced none in her beauty; and the intereſt ſhe had excited on her firſt appearance was rather increaſed than diminiſhed by the religious habit which ſhe now wore. The lady abbeſs next cut off her long and flowing hair, and placed on her head the fatal veil. I confeſs that I ſhuddered as I witneſſed this laſt act, which ſealed the fate of this unhappy girl. This ſentiment, common to all the Engliſh, and which rendered the moſt volatile melancholy, was not ſhared by the neareſt relatives of her who was thus condemned

'to wither in her bloom,
Loſt in a convent's ſolitary gloom.'

The Neapolitan ladies laughed, or rather giggled, during the moſt ſerious parts of the ceremony; ſent meſſages from one to the other; and amuſed themſelves with converſing together on the moſt trivial topics:—in ſhort, ſeemed to conſider the whole as a very lively and pleaſant event. The novice ſhed no tears, but her countenance was pale, and I thought I could diſcover that the ſmile ſhe aſſumed was rather forced than natural.

As we were leaving the chapel, we were invited into the *parlour*, where the nuns, only ſeparated by a low grate, appeared, and entertained the

the ſtrangers with ice, cakes, and other refreſhments. The new victim was here ſeen again, and ſeemed, by an officious activity diſplayed in waiting on her gueſts, to be anxious to conceal the dreadful thoughts which probably preſſed on her mind.

During the whole of this ceremony I experienced the moſt painful ſenſations, and I could not help remarking, how circumſtances of the moſt dreadful kind may be reconciled by cuſtom, prejudice, and religious opinions. The Engliſh aſſembled on this occaſion, feeling both pity for the object of ſacrifice, and indignation againſt thoſe who were the authors of it, were at one inſtant overcome with grief, and the next animated with an enthuſiaſtic wiſh to ruſh forward, and, by force, to reſcue the victim of ſuperſtition from the hands of her bigotted relatives, while the Neapolitans conceiving that they themſelves were doing an act of laudable piety in thus devoting this lovely creature to the cloiſter, and were likewiſe enſuring her eternal happineſs, ſhowed in their manner, their countenances, and their converſation, that they looked on what was paſſing as a ſcene of joy, not of ſorrow. The loud tone of ſpeaking or ſcreaming which I have before remarked as prevalent in Italian ſociety, was particularly remarkable on this occaſion; and nothing, altogether, could be leſs ſolemn than a ceremony calculated, according to our ideas, to excite the moſt ſerious and moſt painful reflections.

On the Obſervance of Lent; or, the Spring Faſt.

'—Then was Jeſus led up of the ſpirit into the wilderneſs to be tempted of the Devil: and when he had faſted forty days and forty nights, he was afterwards an hungered.'

St. Matthew's Goſpel.

AT this ſeaſon of the year the church calls upon all her members once more, to humble themſelves by faſting and prayer, in imitation of her Saviour and her ſaints in every period of the world.

Lent, in the old Saxon language, is known to ſignify the ſpring; and thence it hath been taken in common ſpeech for the ſpring faſt, or the time of humiliation generally obſerved by Chriſtians before Eaſter, the great feſtival of our Saviour's reſurrection: and a man muſt know little of eccleſiaſtical hiſtory, or have but a ſmall acquaintance with the primitive fathers of the church, who doth not acknowledge the obſervance of lent to be moſt antient. It may be needful to inquire in what manner we are to obſerve this ſolemn ſeaſon.

1. Self-examination is abſolutely needful, accompanied with different acts of mortification. To know ourſelves is the beſt knowledge, and in proportion as we perceive our deſerts, we ſhall conſider every ſituation as too good for us, and that all ſhort of hell is mercy.—This ſenſibility will humble us in the duſt, and we ſhall keep this ſeaſon with every mark of contrition and humiliation.

2. Self-renunciation is alſo incumbent upon us at this ſeaſon, by which we are to underſtand the renunciation of ſenſual gratifications. To deny ſelf is always needful, but more eſpecially at this ſeaſon. Agreeable to this, the primitive Chriſtians would not indulge themſelves in any kind of luxury; for their diet was very plain, conſiſting chiefly of dry roots and vegetables. Their dreſs comported with the occaſion—for it was ſackcloth; not that we are in this particular to follow their example, but it ought to be plain. All gaudy attire is to be laid aſide. The cuſtom of caſting duſt upon their heads and lying in aſhes, denoted an utter abhorrence of all ſenſual indulgence.

3. *It*

3. It is needful likewiſe to withdraw ourſelves as much as poſſible from the ſociety of mankind. If a recluſe life is at any time needful, it is at this ſeaſon. In order to effect this, the primitive Chriſtians, after the example of their Saviour, withdrew into deſarts: and ſolicitude in St. James's time had ſuch charms, that thoſe of large fortunes ſold their eſtates, giving all their property to the poor, and ſpending all their time in pious exerciſes. Though this conduct in ſome caſes was reprehenſible, it ſerves to reprove modern Chriſtians, who are ſo much alive to the ſpirit of this world, that retirement at any ſeaſon, is thought a great miſery, and that it would lead to melancholy.

4. Meditations and prayer appear very congenial with the obſervance of lent. In proportion as we withdraw from ſociety, we ſhall cultivate the ſpirit of true devotion. Our minds withdrawn from earthly enjoyments, we ſhall partake of heavenly pleaſures. It was this diſpoſition that animated the primitive church; and there have been thoſe of modern times, who have diſcovered the ſame ſpirit: for we find from the life of Ambroſe, a pious clergyman of Lancaſhire, that every year he retired to a hut in a wood for a month, and ſpent this time in the moſt ſpiritual manner.

5. Liberality to the poor, is neceſſary to make our humiliation acceptable to the Almighty. Indeed, without charity, all our prayers are of no value; but this concludes a willingneſs to be of ſervice, to the utmoſt of our power, to all mankind:—ſo that a cup of cold water will be noticed, if done from a pure motive. We are to act according to the ability which God gives us, in our day and generation.

Very oppoſite to the foregoing obſervation is the opinion of pious and benevolent Nelſon, who thus writes on the manner of keeping lent:—'The devout Chriſtian ought to ſpend ſome of his time in faſting, more in abſtinence, according to the circumſtances of his health and outward condition in the world; and this with a deſign to deny and puniſh himſelf, and to expreſs his humiliation before God for his paſt tranſgreſſions. The ornament of attire may be laid aſide, as improper to expreſs the ſenſe of mourners; and the frequency of receiving and paying viſits may be interrupted as unſeaſonable, when our minds are oppreſſed with ſorrow. Public aſſemblies for pleaſure and diverſion ſhould be avoided as enemies to that ſerioufneſs we now profeſs. Our retirements ſhould be filled with reading pious diſcourſes, with frequent prayer, and with examining the ſtate of our minds. We ſhould be liberal in our alms, and very ready to employ ourſelves in all opportunities of relieving either the temporal or ſpiritual wants of our neighbours.'

Fethard, Aſh-Wedneſday, T. M.
March 2, 1808.

Rural Walk in the Vicinity of Newton-Limavady.

'The ſlipſhod 'prentice from his maſter's door,
Had par'd the dirt, and ſprinkled round the floor.
Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dext'rous airs,
Prepar'd to ſcrub the entry and the ſtairs!'

A COLD and guſty morning had ſucceeded a tempeſtuous night, when I ſet off from the handſome little town of Newton-Limavady, to viſit the wild and mountainous country of Innifhowen. Walked through Myroe, a tract of very fertile ground: re-croſſed the Roe at Bellavena, on a handſome wooden bridge—entered Magilligan, a country differing in every point of view from Myroe:—the latter a clayey ground, rich in yellow grain, but comfortleſs to the foot,

foot, and cheerleſs to the eye of the traveller: the former divided into ſandy and moſſy ground, valuable in furs, and pleaſant to the eye.—The beautiful promontary of Benvevenagh—its frowning cliffs, iſolated rocks, and turf-covered baſe, arreſts and delights the eye, which after contemplating it with rapture, wanders along the upper lands, beholding the church, villas, farm-houſes, cottages, &c. glancing over the low country, views with pleaſure the neat farm-houſes which rear not their lofty, but their comfortable, heads amid the ſands. About two o'clock p. m. reached the ſhore—the day ſqually and cold; the ferry, which is here a mile in length, extremely rough—however a ſmall boat was juſt ſetting off, and in ſpite of the coming guſt, in I leaped, gathering courage from the fearleſs countenances of the boatmen: we plied our oars till we cleared the breakers, then ſpread our little ſail to the gale which quickly waſted us to the oppoſite ſhore. Was it my fears that made me look with terror on the day, the ſea, the boat, and the men, while *I* ſhuddered at the retroſpect? They hauled up their boat on the beach, remarked, with true philoſophical ſtoiciſm, that it blew freſh—that we were luckily in before the ſquall: I again looked at them, and I mentally bleſſed that kind Providence who had formed the mind of man of ſo pliant, ſo yielding a nature, that it becomes contented with its country and ſituation; but I believe that the poorer the country, the harder the means of procuring a ſubſiſtence, we are the more attached to it.

From hence to Stroove (about 3 miles) the land riſes in ſome places gradually, in others, abruptly into 'cloud capt hills.' The road which runs a little diſtance from the ſhore, preſented this day a wild proſpect—on the one hand the mountains looked bleak and dreary, on the other, the ſea foaming, daſhing and roaring againſt the rocky ſhore, and about 2 miles from land, preſented a terrific appearance, the breakers foaming mountains high on the Ions,* threatening deſtruction to the hapleſs mariner who dared to approach its banks. Ah! ill-fated Sophy,† in an evil hour didſt thou view the ſhores of old Erin! thy ſtrength, thy beauty, thy riches—the courage, knowledge, and experience of thy ſeamen, were of no effect! ſoon was thy ſtrength weakened—ſoon thy beauty defaced—ſoon thy riches diſſipated! the courage, knowledge, and experience of thy ſeamen were ſoon buried in the relentleſs deep! in vain would thy owners anxiouſly expect thy arrival! in vain did the wives and miſtreſſes of thy ſons heave the ſigh and breathe the prayer of affection for thy ſafe return! in vain did the feeling children of Ierne, with tearful eyes and woe-fraught hearts, behold thy diſtreſs—ſoon thou fell a victim to the remorſeleſs waves, and thy name is all that remains of thee!

The ſun had nearly performed his diurnal taſk, when I approached the point of Stroove; and to deſcribe the ſublimity of the view, and its effect on my mind, is impoſſible. Northward the eye was loſt in immenſity, and the mind inſtantaneouſly roſe to the Deity. N. eaſt, the eye, after ſkimming acroſs the 'great deep,' glances on the Downhill, the Skerries of Portruth, the Giant's Cauſeway, &c. N. weſt, a ſolitary iſle juſt ſeen where 'the round æther mixes with the wave,' breaks the wild grandeur of the ſcene, and recalls our aſcending thoughts, which were faſt leaving poor terra firma, but loſt in ſublimity. I forgot that I was a poor mortal, to whom, in ſpite

NOTES.

* A bank of ſand in the mouth of the lough.

† The name of a veſſel wrecked here about two years ago, and every ſoul on board periſhed.

of

of any high-raiſed thoughts, food and reſt were abſolutely neceſſary—forgot that night was faſt approaching—that I had three miles to travel in a ſtrange country: quickly deſcending the mountain, I retrod my ſteps to the ferry-houſe; here, while getting my dinner, I was ſtartled, not by the melody of the 'human voice divine,' but by the hoarſe rough brogue of the native Iriſhman. 'By Ja—s and ramination to my ſhoul, accompanied by no very pleaſant geſtures iſſued with energy from every mouth, blows ſoon ſucceeded—in ſhort, 'twas the batle of the 'Centaurs and the Lapithæ;' peace ever follows war, and pleaſant, doubly pleaſant is the calm that ſucceeds the ſtorm; again the honourable company were ſeated, and I had leiſure to take a ſurvey of them: ferry-men, ſailors, countrymen, and one elegant female, formed this intereſting groupe:—'Bring us in one oder half pint,' ſaid one of them; and the entrance of the whiſkey reſtored ſerenity to every countenance. Paid for my dinner, and enquired from one of the men if he knew an acquaintance of mine who lived near that place:—'Arrah! by Japers that I do,' ſays he 'and an honeſt decent fellow he is.' 'Will you be kind enough to direct me to his houſe, friend?' ſaid I. 'Oh! that I will and welcome,' ſays he: 'well then, go on the road till you come to the bridge: paſs it and the firſt little white houſe, till you come to the big haw buſh; then take through the field and follow the rodden, which will lead you to the door.' After thanking him for his directions, proceeded to the houſe of my friend, where I received a moſt hearty welcome.

Theſe people far exceed their more poliſhed neighbours in hoſpitality, which is truly ſaid to be a ſavage virtue. Is it that riches, opening views to our ambition, vanity, &c. diverts and deſtroys the ſocial affections, and in their place leaves nothing but poliſhed, falſe, and worthleſs profeſſions? If ſo, Heaven keep us ever poor!

Slept moſt comfortably, aroſe in the morning and walked out to view Green-Caſtle, an awful pile of ruins, built on a rocky ſcite 300 feet long, and about 150 from the ſea, lofty watch towers, raiſed turrets, and mouldering battlements, ſtill ſtand a melancholy memento of 'the days of other years.' There is a penſive pleaſure in contemplating a grand pile of ruins—imagination pourtrays before the 'mind's eye,' that period when the claſh of arms, the tremulous ſoul-melting ſong, and ſprightly dance, reſounded through thoſe walls, which now re echo only the melancholy moaning of the owl, and the harſh croaking of the raven.

Returned to my breakfaſt, without which, the moſt ſtriking ruins would ſoon become inſipid, and once more ventured 'my ſweet ſelf' on the liquid element; but oh! 'what a change from yeſterday!' not a breath of wind agitated the glaſſy ſurface of the waters, while, by the heat which Sol imparted, he ſeemed to have forgot that it was February: the rough boatmen were even touched, who, as they lazily lay on their oars, raiſed the ruſtic ſtrain. About half way acroſs the channel, the ſcene was truly delightful; the ſpreading lough embelliſhed with boats paſſing and repaſſing, while a ſhip, whoſe white ſails the gentle zephyrs ſcarcely ſeemed to breathe on, floated majeſtically through the 'great deep.'

The ſhore we left preſented an intereſting landſcape, eſpecially from the church to the old caſtle, (about a quarter of a mile); the former a neat white modern building: the lofty, black, and rocky walls of the latter frowning, an old ocean finely contraſts it, while the intervening foreground, adorned by neat white houſes, gives relief to the ſombre

colouring of the mountains, which clofes the view. Landed at the point of Magilligan, and arrived in the evening at Newton, after fpending two, not unpleafant, days, though in the month of February, in the wilds of Innifhowen.

Newton-Limavady. D.

The Warriour of the Ohio.

IT was at the time, when the Engliſh and the French contended for the poſſeſſion of the Ohio, that Jamjamjam, a chief of the Cherokee Indians, acquired ſo much renown in the weſtern world. Then was diſplayed the tranſcendant genius of the immortal William Pitt, afterwards earl of Chatham, in watching over the intereſts of the Britiſh empire and making its enemies tremble.—Jamjamjam took an early and decided part with the gallant Engliſh, as well from intereſt and affection, as from the juſtice of their cauſe. In ſeveral engagements with the enemy, he behaved with ſo much ſkill and bravery, that at the termination of hoſtilities, when the French were not only repelled from their encroachments on the Engliſh ſettlements, but alſo diſpoſſeſſed of Canada, he retired from the ſcenes of combat with the pompous appellation of the warriour of the Ohio, unanimouſly conferred on him by the Britiſh officers. He was however, at firſt, not ſo fortunate in love as in war, as will appear from the following narrative, faithfully compiled from American documents.

There reſided among the Miamis a nymph, whoſe name was Zahabama, ſprung from one of their moſt diſtinguiſhed families; her father was a native Miami, and her mother was a provincial. All who have collected the incidents of her life, ſay ſhe was fair; a darling writer of Philadelphia ſays, ſhe was fairer than the driven ſnow: be that as it may, ſhe appears from the concurrent teſtimony of her biographers, to have been a lady of the moſt amiable endowments; though born among ſavages; her perſon was ſomewhat above the middle ſize of women, her face was peculiarly expreſſive, and her walk inimitably majeſtic. The beauty of her mind correſponded with that of her perſon, for by means of her mother ſhe had received a competent education: hence ſhe deſpiſed the idols of her country, and her heart panted after communion with the living and true God. Him ſhe was ſo happy as to know in his ſaving power, for he refuſes his grace to none, who gives their hearts to him, and ſeek to be ſaved from every falſe way: hence ſhe was habitually chearful, and a pattern of good works to all around her.

Such and ſo lovely was Zahabama of the Miamis; the fame of her accompliſhments was ſpread over the new world; numerous ſuitors, accordingly, ſolicited the honour of her hand in marriage; the warriour of the Ohio was one of them. He had come to negotiate ſome political buſineſs with the rulers of the Miamis, and had carried his point in their public aſſembly with infinite eaſe, when ſhe firſt beheld him. Struck by the dignity of his demeanour, and the force of his eloquence, ſhe followed him with admiring eyes: the notices of the ladies are never loſt upon ſoldiers, he inſtantly returned the compliment. Nor was it long before he had an opportunity of declaring his paſſion to her, when he compared her to the flamings; he deſcribed in glowing colours the advantages of his country, and urged her to come to a ſpeedy determination concerning him, as he muſt ſhortly return to give an account of his miſſion to the governors of his nation. 'Preſs me not ſo cloſely,' ſhe replied, 'on a point of ſuch infinite moment to my happineſs. Marriage is a ſtep, which requires deliberation. Return to your

country

country and let me see you again, at the end of twelve months, when I will give you a categorical answer, either favourable to your passion, or the contrary.' 'O divine Zahabana,' he rejoined, 'consider what you have said; banish me not so long from your presence. By the amiable intelligence of your bright eyes, by the dimples which play over your delicate cheeks, by the spherical charms of your snowy bosom, by the spicy odours which respire from your garments, and fill the impassioned soul with extatic delight, consent to be mine now.' 'That,' she said, 'I positively will not, upon so short an acquaintance with you; however, come back to me again, at the end of four months: in the mean time, accept of this ring, and wear it as a token of my esteem for the hero of the Ohio.' So saying, she presented him with the ring, which as he received from her delicate fingers, the touch vibrated through all his vital frame, and almost deprived him of the government of himself.

In a few days after, he set out for the banks of the Missisippi, when our heroine resumed her pious meditations. Near the village where she resided, lofty plantains spread their umbrageous branches, under the refreshing shades of which she would frequently walk at noon, cherishing seraphic contemplations. 'Father of all,' she would say within herself, 'thou who sittest on the circle of the heavens, thou who dwellest between the cherubims, shine forth. Pass the Apalachian mountains in the refulgent chariot of redeeming grace.—Here, on the banks of the Miami, let temples erected to thy honour, resound with songs of salvation. Let saints proceed from Canada, and Louisiana stretch out her hands unto thee. Yes, the day is at hand, when the Lord will be adored, beside our beautiful western waters; when ignorance will give way to knowledge, indolence to exertion, and implacable animosity to the forgiving spirit of the gospel. As for me, I can never sufficiently acknowledge thy mercy, in bringing me to the obedience of the truth: good is thy law, and sweet upon trial; draw me more and more towards thee, the infinitely charming. Flowers that adorn these verdant banks, birds that warble through these majestic shades, celebrate with me the infinitely fair.' While she was repeating one of these divine soliloquies, she was seized upon and carried away by a former lover, even by Nunenlumen, a Huron chief, who could not live without her. He was more powerful, as well as more handsome, than Jamjanjam; having been frequently in Halifax, he had also acquired considerable urbanity; nothing however could pacify her resentment against him, until he promised to favour the British Christians, settled in America, and to become one himself. This reconciled her to him, and at length she consented to marry him: he was sensible of his good fortune, and treated her in the kindest manner.

When the hero of the Missisippi heard of their nuptials, his indignation was excessive, and he vowed vengeance against Nunenlumen. Having collected a numerous body of troops, he marched them with all expedition into the territory of his rival, who, foreseeing the storm, was prepared for the attack. Both armies, accordingly, met in a spacious plain, inclosed on one side, by the principal village of the Hurons, and on the other, by immense forests. Before, however, commencing hostilities, our hero advanced between the lines, and made the following speech. 'Brave Hurons, I do not come in the spirit of a conqueror, to exact submission from you, and lay waste your dwellings with fire and sword. I do not come to inflict calamity, but to seek redress. Restore to me the beautiful

Zahahana,

Zahabana, and I am your friend.— You cannot be ignorant of my regard for that lady, nor of the violence employed by your leader, to get poſſeſſion of her. Return her therefore, before I iſſue out my dreadful orders, and you fall beneath the ſwords of my Cherokees, like corn before the deſolating whirlwind.' When he had done ſpeaking, his opponent ſtepped forward, and, caſting his eyes on the ground, raiſed them by degrees to the chiefs of the oppoſite army, and thus replied. 'Valiant Cherokees, it ſeems ſtrange, that the glory of the Huron nation ſhould be ſo little known to your commander, as to induce him to think, we will ever yield to menaces. Our anſwer is, we will not return the gracious Zahabana. Your commander pleads a prior regard for her; be it ſo, ſhe is mine now, by every law divine and human. We deprecate war; but if in defiance of juſtice, your general ſhould perſiſt in his ſingular enterprize, he will find in our arms the protectors of innocence, and the puniſhers of his temerity.' This ſpeech was followed by loud acclamations of the Huron hoſt, loud as when the waves of Ontario, impelled by wintry winds, daſh, foam and thunder on the deſert ſhore. The heart of our hero, in this deciſive moment, melted, and he burſted into a flood of tears. Addreſſing himſelf to the worthy captain, he ſaid, 'Zahabana is yours; I reſign my pretenſions; may you live long with her, and be happy. Only, before my return, I could wiſh once more to ſee her, that my journey to this place may not be entirely nugatory.' Being brought to the plain, ſhe excited the admiration of every ſpectator: ſhe was dreſſed in a gown of white muſlin, interſperſed with ſprigs of ſhamrock; her hair waved in graceful curls over her ſhoulders, and upon her boſom, which heaved with emotions of intrepidity and gladneſs. Our hero could not behold her without a ſigh. She thanked him for his generoſity on the occaſion, in ſparing the effuſion of human blood, which muſt otherwiſe have flowed, had he perſevered in his raſh career: ſhe ſaid, his behaviour in this inſtance added to her eſteem for him, and hoped he would always continue a lover of peace and good order.— 'Flower of the weſtern world,' he replied, 'fear not my future conduct, to have ſeen you, is to be inſpired with the love of virtue.' Saying this, he invoked bleſſings on the heads of the happy pair and marched back his troops beyond the Ohio, without coming to battle.

The lenient hand of time did more for our hero, than either philoſophy or religion could effect. He cultivated oratory and belles lettres. Yet his acquaintance with Zahabana was of uſe to him, as it gave him a turn for female ſociety, of which he had before been negligent. Having ſeen a beautiful lady in Penſylvania, and a lady of excellent wit and affability, he became fond of her, and ſhe of him. They were accordingly joined in the bands of Hymen, and lived together in the greateſt harmony and comfort, among friends who vied with one another in paying homage to their virtues.

Hillſylvania. AGLAUS.

Character of Richard III. By the Rev. Mark Noble.

MR. EDITOR,

PERMIT me to lay before you ſome obſervations upon the character of our king Richard III. I premiſe that they are given without any enthuſiaſm either to praiſe or blame. I mean to exhibit him juſt as he appears to me, after the moſt attentive peruſal of all that has been written of him.

Richard, born in times of peculiar turbulence, ſeemed nurtured in ambition

bition; an ambition which knew no reſtraints, for it violated the moſt ſolemn promiſes and proteſtations, and the moſt ſacred oaths. Richard Plantagenet, duke of York, his father, who was the undoubted heir to the crown by deſcent, proſecuted his right by every crime, that could diſgrace talents, evidently great.

By his fall the claim came to his gallant ſon, Edward IV. who, when dethroned, regained his crown by perjury. To this brother, Richard, when duke of Glouceſter, was alike faithful in the cabinet and the field. In both he conſpicuouſly ſhone.—George, duke of Clarence, the ſecond brother, weak and avaricious, was ſeldom quiet, often turbulent, and had even been a traitor to the white roſe. Clarence and Glouceſter, huſbands of two ſiſters, often quarrelled about the rich poſſeſſions of the great earl of Warwick, 'the king-maker,' theſe ladies' father.—Richard taking advantage of the culpable conduct of Clarence, obtained his commitment, his trial, his condemnation, and certainly did not attempt even to ſtay execution.

What were the deſigns of Richard after this, and when he ſaw his elder brother, and his ſovereign, ſinking with a dropſy, the effect of his intemperance, does not appear from any thing which has reached us.

The death of Edward IV. determined him to, at leaſt, be the governor of the kingdom, and guardian of his young ſovereign and nephew.—Crimes beget crimes, and ambition, when it has gained one object, ſeeks another. By the deſtruction of the beautiful, but weak dowager's faction, he found little oppoſition, and having obtained the perſon of the young king and his brother Richard, duke of York, he determined to ſeize the throne. The duke of Buckingham, the firſt peer in the realm, if he did not ſuggeſt Richard's uſurpation, undoubtedly was his chief ſupport in it. A meaſure ſoon fatal to himſelf.

Richard poſſeſſed great abilities: he was in the vigour of his age; he had ſeen much of buſineſs; he was artful, dexterous, and inſinuating in laying his plans, and bold, daring, and deciſive in executing them.—Mercy was little underſtood by any party that ſucceeded to the ſovereign power in the fifteenth century. Richard, far from ſparing, ſeemed prompt to deſtroy, but never merely, I believe, without ſuppoſing it neceſſary to promote his own aggrandizement, or to ſecure it. He was far from the unſhapen monſter, which poets have feigned. Though not exactly of due ſymmetry in his perſon, his features were regular. He loſt, however, greatly in the compariſon when ſeen with his brother Edward IV. confeſſedly the handſomeſt prince of his age: he had not the elegance of manners of that voluptuous monarch; and though equally brave, and of little leſs military knowledge, yet he never could inſpire an army with ſuch enraptured attachment as his brother did. Richard was a general, Edward an hero. To ſupply the deficiencies in his character, Richard affected, what moſt uſurpers do, magnificence. His court and tent were more coſtly than the nation had ever witneſſed. His coronation at Weſtminſter eclipſed all others; that at York, which followed, was as brilliant as the north of England could make it. If we view his laws, they do honour to his underſtanding. They were beſt adapted for the good of the ſubject, as far as related to what was to be tranſacted between citizen and citizen; the laws were rather ſpecious than ſolid, for the king knew no law but his will, and the great who were in his favour copied his example.

At firſt all bent to his mandates: ſoon diſaffection ſhewed itſelf, and proſcriptions followed; theſe, added

to

to the tragedies acted before his coronation, united a very great body of Yorkiſts with the Lancaſtrians. The violent deaths of the ſons of Edward IV. gave a finiſhing blow to Richard's ſecurity, though he thought he was eſtabliſhing his authority by deſtroying them.

When he raiſed forces to oppoſe the handful of meagre ſick troops Henry earl of Richmond brought over, he could not have failed being the conqueror, if every one of his pretended friends had not been deſirous of his death: all, except his miniſters, were ſecretly engaged to deſert him, and he died leſs pitied than any other ſovereign who fell ſo gallantly in ſupporting himſelf and his cauſe.

I have read with all the attention poſſible, lord Orford's 'Hiſtoric Doubts,' and the anſwers of his lordſhip's opponents.

That Richard III. was aſſiſting in the murder of Edward, prince of Wales, ſon of Henry VI. I think very probable. This nefarious act was not a deliberate crime: it was perpetrated in the fury of paſſion. Edward IV. enraged at the ſpirited but ill-timed anſwer of the prince, inſtantly ſtruck him with his gauntlet. This was, as it were, a ſignal for the great perſonages preſent to attack the youth: the two royal dukes, and the two noblemen, ſtabbed him with their daggers or ſwords, and then thruſt him out of the apartment; their attendants, to ſhew their zeal, completed the horrid deed. Edward IV. was moſt to blame. Had he not ſtruck the prince, or had he commanded the four others to deſiſt from farther violence, when he had given the blow, Edward would have been ſaved.

The death of Henry VI was premeditated. It was performed with the conſent, and perhaps at the deſire of a victorious army, as it were in honour of their conqueſt at Tewkeſbury, and to aſſure them that they were freed from all future danger from the Lancaſtrians. The murder was accompanied with moſt indecent feſtivities, as I have ſhewn in a MS. hiſtory of the wars between the white and red roſes, which, perhaps, when I am dead, may, with many others, be publiſhed. Whether Richard ſuperintended the execution, or killed with his own hand the royal captives cannot be known. From the ferocity and ſanguinary character of Edward IV. it is not improbable that he perſuaded the army to demand it, or acquieſced in their deſire, as a matter of prudent precaution, and might commiſſion Richard to ſee it done.

That the death of Clarence was brought about by the intrigues of Richard there can be no doubt. When Edward IV. lamented that no one would plead for Clarence, it ſhould have taught him no longer to confide in Glouceſter, but, on the contrary, it ſhould have inſtigated him to have fenced his family ſo that they could not have been injured by ſo unnatural a character.

That Richard murdered his nephew, Edward V. and Richard duke of York, I ſee no reaſon to doubt. That the manner of their deaths was not exactly known at the time appears evident, yet it was generally believed to have been ſuffocation in their beds in the tower, and that their bodies were buried there under the ſtairs. In Charles II.'s reign the bones of two youths were found under a ſtaircaſe in the tower. There may have been other murders committed in the tower, beſides their's and Henry VI.'s; yet probably there mains of none were ſecretly buried there, but thoſe of theſe two unhappy youths. All other ſtate priſoners in the tower have been buried openly. No other human bones have been ever diſcovered

vered in the tower that we know of. This weighs greatly with me. Befides, there have never been miffed two young perfons imprifoned there but them. That the youths whofe bones were thus difcovered had been murdered is felf-evident, for if they had died natural deaths, they would have been buried in confecrated ground. That the bodies had not been buried any very great length of time we may fuppofe, becaufe a ftaircafe, if a wooden one, as I fuppofe this was, feldom laft more than two or three centuries, though then made of oak and very maffy. Lord Orford, a man of wit and talents, in point of ftyle, was greatly fuperior to all who oppofed him relative to his 'Hiftoric Doubts,' not excepting even Hume; but Maffers, my old correfpondent, as well as was his lordfhip, though neither of them upon this fubject, if the worft writer, was the beft reafoner. Is it not wonderful that not one of the difputants fhould quote Speed, whofe authority is fo directly adverfe to lord Orford? Take his exact words:—'I have heard,' fays this writer, in his chronicle, 'by credible report, of fuch as were fecret with his' [Richard's] 'chamberlaine, that after this abominable deed done,' [the murder of his nephews] 'he never had quiet in his mind; he never thought himfelf fure; but where he went his eies ever-whirled about; his body privily fenced; his hand ever on his dagger; his countenance and manner like one alwaies readie to ftrike againe; he took il reft a nights, lay long waking and mufing, fore wearied with care and watch, rather flumbered then flept, troubled with fearful dreams, fuddenly fometimes ftart up, and leapt out of his bed, and ranne about the chamber, fo was his reftleffe heart continually toffed and tumbled with the tedious impreffion and ftormy remembrance of his abominable deed.'

If we view Richard in all points, we fhall fee him extremely wicked. His atrocities, after Edward IV.'s death, are fuch as appal. They exceed the fanguinary acts which were committed in the height of the civil wars. There was not even a femblance of trial; and yet there had been no battle fought, no hoftile act. This did not prevent many openly revolting from him when he became king, and many others fecretly favouring the earl of Richmond, afterwards Henry VII.

That he was extremely ungrateful to Edward IV. the beft, the kindeft of brothers, is felf-evident in his conduct toward that monarch's fons. That he was inflexible and unforgiving to his other brother, Clarence, has alfo been feen. Nor was he much kinder to Clarence's children, than to Edward's. If we view him as a fon, he will appear in the higheft degree culpable. He, like Orleans, fullied, as far as he could, the reputation of his mother. Richard made his lewd, when giving life to his elder brethern!! Orleans, when conferring exiftence even on himfelf!!! Princeffes whofe fames were as fpotlefs as their fons, Richard and Philip, were polluted.* As a hufband, Richard was cold and referved; one who watched with the utmoft impatience, the ficknefs which haftening her end, without his aflifiance, that he might inceftuoufly unite himfelf to the real heir of the throne, Elizabeth, eldeft daughter of his brother Edward IV. —the real heir by the murder of her brothers, by the cruel command of him the uncle, who now fought her hand. If Richard had any of nature's fofter feelings it was the paternal ones. He appears not only to have tenderly loved Edward prince of Wales, his only child by his queen,

NOTE.

* In vol. XIII. of the Archæologia, are fome obfervations upon the life of Cecily ducheſs of York, by me.

but

but even to have been ſolicitous for the welfare of his illegitimate iſſue.

Let me add that I perceived, when in converſation with lord Orford, that he began to 'doubt' Richard's virtues, and in the poſthumous 'hiſtoric' ones of this king, his lordſhip ſeems to think that thoſe wicked actions he moſt diſbelieved, might have been performed by him. This nobleman had caprices; one was his enmity to *ſovereigns* and their miniſters. Of all potentates, he moſt hated the character of Henry VII. I really believe he wiſhed to wipe away the ſtains of Richard III. merely to lower Henry's reputation, who, he would inſinuate, was greatly his inferior. I ſhall never forget the acrimony which his lordſhip expreſſed, when he ſhewed me the fine portrait of Henry VII. he had juſt procured. It was the weakneſs of a great mind.

Pleaſe to excuſe the length of theſe remarks, as one of the many weakneſſes of,

Sir,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

April 18. MARK NOBLE.

Boxing.

MR. EDITOR,

FOR I ſuppoſe that is your name, as every one calls you by it, you ſee I write a very *bad hand*, and I am, therefore, rather *ſhy*, in ſetting my *fiſt* to paper; indeed, until now, I have only been uſed *to make my mark*.—However, I have ventured to *ſet to*; yet you will find me very ſoon *give in*, for I am not a *long-winded* writer I have no *taſte* for long epiſtles, although ſome of your correſpondents ſeem to be *gluttons* in that way, by which means I think they often *cloſe the eyes* of your readers.

All I want is to ſee ſome *knock-down* arguments, to prove that it is better to decide quarrels by *boxing*, than by *fighting duels*.

DUTCH SAM.

Maxim on Time.

'Redeeming the time.'—Paul.

TIME is like a creditor, who allows an ample ſpace to make up accounts, but is inexorable at laſt.

Time is like a verb, that can only be uſed in the preſent tenſe.

Time well employed gives that health and vigour to the ſoul, which reſt and retirement afford to the body.

Time never ſits heavily on us, but when it is badly employed.

Time is a grateful friend;—uſe it well, and it never fails to make a ſuitable requital.

MONITOR.

Time Saved.

THOUGH no great oconomiſt of words, I adopt a compendium which I think has eſcaped madame Genlis. I write, as you perceive, D. for December. It ariſes from the conſideration of thoſe months which are ſolitary as to a particular initial letter.—We have but one F, one S, one O, one N, and one D. Why ſhould not theſe ſingle letters ſtand, therefore, for their reſpective months?—And true it is, evidently, that the time, to thoſe who write many letters, would at the year's end be not inconſiderable.

D. 16. H.

An Old Joke.

EVERY one has heard the ſtory of a man who, when looking at a houſe, aſked the ſervant, a pretty girl, with whom he ſeemed much inclined to take ſome liberties, whether ſhe was to be let with it? 'No ſir,' ſhe replied, 'if you pleaſe, I am to be *let alone!*'

ORIGINAL

ORIGINAL AND SELECT POETRY.

Maſonic.

WHEN, riſing in ſplendor, the orient ray
Paints the cheek of Aurora, and *opens* the day;
The ſtreaming effulgence gains faſt on the ſkies,
And Night's ebon chariot before it ſoon flies.
So when mental darkneſs, with ſable controul,
Enchain'd and abſorb'd all the powers of the ſoul,
The *ſun*-beam of *knowledge* diſpell'd the thick ſhade,
And ſtarry-eyed *ſcience* her treaſures diſplay'd,
At the *fiat* celeſtial,—the *myſtical word*,
All nature awakened, obey'd and ador'd:
The impulſe divine to the *grave* made its way,
And *life*, long *ſuſpended*, reviſits the day.
With high throbbing boſom, and eye full of fire,
The genius of wiſdom attunes her ſweet lyre;
Having ſmil'd on the *morning*, ſhe hies to the *weſt*,
And her *labour* reviews on the pillow of reſt.
How ſweet the ſenſations reflection beſtows!
When virtue illumines each thought as it flows:
When *love*, *honor*, and *juſtice*, inſpirit the ſoul,
And the *cement* of charity binds the bleſt whole.
The *ſtructure* ætherial thus riſing in *light*
With radience divine gems the boſom of *Night*:
And the *pupil* of truth, while he baſks in its rays,
Feels his heart's beſt affections expand in the blaze.
Hail *ſcience* myſterious! 'tis thine to impart
The joys that refine, while they gladden the heart:
That teach us by reaſon's true *compaſs* to plan,
And by rectitude's *rule* all our actions to ſcan:
That *ſquares* ev'ry thought, as it ſprings from the ſoul,
Into duty and love for the *maſter* of all:
And finally guide to that temple divine,
Where *ſtrength*, *wiſdom*, and *beauty* eternally ſhine.

EUTERPE.

March, 1808.

Acroſtic. To the amiable ——

THou, for whom my numbers flow,
SOftly as the zephyrs blow,
ANgel, in whoſe viſage glow,
GRaces more than mortals know:
ROſy, blooming nymph, to you
EV'ry adoration's due:
DAiſies fair, nor vernal dew,
NEver yield ſo bright a hue.
EArly flow'rs thy cheeks diſcloſe,
RUbies brighter than the roſe;
PUrer than the Alpine ſnows,
NEctar on thy ſweet lips glows.
EVer on thy eyes ſo bright,
LEt me ſatiate my ſight:
LOvely nymph, my love requite
EVer—ever with delight!—
SHould the lovely nymph divine,
SMiling, to my pray'rs incline,
I will lead, O heav'nly nine
MAny an off'ring to thy ſhrine!!!

AMOR CLONMELIENSIS.

March 10th.

The Client's Lamentation.

Tune—'Shepherds I have loſt my love.'

CLIENTS, I have loſt my ſuit,
Saw you ſweet Ned B——, ſir;
None with him the rope diſpute,
For he looks hanged half, ſir.

I for him in evil hour,
Left Adonis E——d:
None, ſays I, has heart or power,
To hurt as that vile beaſt would.

More Jack N— could not hurt,
His client had I been, ſir:
N— only takes the ſhirt;
But B— takes ſhirt and ſkin, ſir.

To the Cockney Tharmaconoliſt, Grand Maſter of Medical Ceremonials, Prince Adjuſter of Doctors precedence, Protector of Doctor Cunnamara, friend to Doctor Anthony Slop, and ſole Maker-up of Preſcriptions in the true London ſtile. In Imitation of Hor. Od. 5. Lib. ad Pyrrham.

Quis multa Graulis te puer in Roſa.

WHAT draught-preſcribing man, my Frank,
Do you the ableſt doctor rank?
Of whom, ſay you, 'tis he and I,
Can death and all diſeaſe defy:
Who next unto yourſelf can rout,
The p—, the palſy, and the gout?

Whom do you say has best pretence,
For shrewdness, gravity, and sense?
Does the French dr. fill your arms?
Does Anthony retain your charms?
Does E— boast your prime reliance,
The committee sham squire of science?
God help the silly fellows head,
He'll soon lament your favour fled;
And Frank so cringing, mean, and civil,
He'll pitch a recreant to the devil:
In each contemptuous point he'll view you,
And curse the hour he ever knew you.
For me, I wrote upon the wall,
Of the apothecaries-hall;
I've now for ever done with Frank,
For which my stars I'll ever thank.

Epigram. To a Lawyer whose Father was a Bankrupt.

YOUR father's creditors, I'm taught,
Got for what's worth a pound, a groat;
Pray were they very many?
Your clients will fare worse with thee—
They'll get for every guinea fee,
The worth of half a penny.

Love Elegy. Addressed to Miss G—ff—th, of Grafton-street.

IN vain doth smile the lovely blushing morn,
And all the beauty nature doth display;
In vain the hunter sounds the echoing horn,
When o'er my breast the tyrant love bears sway.

'Tis not that lovely Delia is unkind,
Inconstant, fickle, false, or insincere:
The gods which form'd her person, form'd her mind,
And made her perfect as they made her fair.

For me, well pleased with her to spend my life,
Far in the covert of some peaceful grove,
I'd wish to shun the world's tumultuous strife,
And live retired with Delia, and with love.

But hence I roam, those peaceful scenes I fly,
And you, my Delia, mistress of my soul;
Perhaps to part us, hills shall rise on high,
And billows roar, and seas between us roll.

Fired with ambition others swell their sails,
For gloomy months they beat the trackless wave;
Whilst over others avarice prevails—
For fordid wealth they seek a distant grave.

Far be such motives from my youthful breast,
A nobler passion urges me to rove;
Riches nor pomp shall ne'er my mind molest,
I only seek a competence in love.

For that I'll roam unhealthy climates brave
Dare the fierce heats, and pestilential wind:
In search of wealth, when absent is your slave,
Oh! may you prove as constant as you're kind.

Farewell, then Delia, lovely, blooming fair,
Farewell each joy, each pleasure that's with you:
Malignant fate, too cruelly severe,
Commands me hence—oh! lovely maid, adieu.

AMOR.

The Barber of Seville.

'I could a tail unfold.'

A COMELY young lad liv'd a few years ago,
In a street in the city of Seville,
Who took by the nostrils full many a beau,
And soon brought their chins to a level.

But alas! tho' he *lather'd* each *don* who appear'd
So quick, that he gain'd mighty favor,
A *donzella*, one morn, as he took off a beard,
As she passed, took the heart of this shaver.

The hidalgos he left in his shop all alone,
And follow'd the maid to an arbour;
Tho' he fear'd that he never should call her his *bone*,
For she *barbar*-ous seem'd to the *barber*.

By his whiskers he swore his life hung on a hair,
That nought from his breast could e-*razor*;
That his plight was so bad, he was quite in despair,
And, in short, he contrived—to amaze her.

Says he, 'I'm not poor, I've *one* penny to shave,
And I've *two*-pence to bleed for the vapours;
To draw out a tooth it is *three*-pence I crave,
And charge nothing for reading the papers.'

And

And a kiſs he adventur'd as thus he did ſpeak,
But was check'd by a terrible briſtle—
'Tho' a *flower* call'd a *roſe*,' ſays he, blooms on your *cheek*,
On your *chin* blooms a *weed* called a *thiſtle*.

So no longer object—all objections I'll ſtop,
If you wed me, conſider the *ſaving*,
For each morning, before that I open my ſhop,
I'll give you for *nothing* a ſhaving.'

His reaſons convinc'd her, and gained her conſent.
Refuſal to well had he parried—
And when ſhe was ſhav'd to a convent they went,
And when they got there, they were married.

But they honeymoon o'er, and his love on the ſlope,
She perceiv'd how he'd plann'd to entrap her;
For each morning he now forgot *razor* and *ſoap*,
And only remembered to *ſtrap* her.

And thus he conſol'd her—'Your fate you muſt bear,
Since nature ſo *bountiful* gave it,
Had ſhe ſent you a *beard* ſhe'd *not* meant you to wear,
She'd have ſent you a *razor* to ſhave it.'

P. G.

State of Public Affairs.

FRANCE.

THE Moniteur of the 24th ult. contained two reports from the miniſter of foreign affairs. The firſt accuſes Portugal of favouring England, and deceiving France: the 2d is dated the 2d of January, and is as follows:

'His excellency recalls to the recollection of his majeſty how neceſſary were the active and vigilant meaſures which have been taken, and ſo well ſeconded, by the rapidity of the march of the French troops. Portugal only ſequeſtered the Engliſh goods when the Engliſh were ſecure from that meaſure, which Portugal did not even affect to execute. She concerted her flight with the Engliſh; and, a little time before we received the news of it, a courtier had carried it to Italy, where the emperor then was, new proteſtations of attachment to the common cauſe of the continent. He announced the return of m. de Lema, who had not quitted Liſbon, and the arrival of the ambaſſador extraordinary, m. de Marialva, probably the dupe, as was the courier, of the bad faith of her court. Portugal is at length delivered from the yoke of England: your majeſty occupies it with your troops—it had been left defenceleſs on the ſea-ſide, and a part of the cannon on her coaſts had been ſpiked. Thus England menaces her at preſent, blockades her ports, and would lay waſte her ſhores. Spain has had fears for Cadiz—ſhe has had fears for Ceuta—it is againſt this part of the world that the Engliſh appear to wiſh to direct their ſecret expeditions. They have embarked troops at Gibraltar—they have recalled from that quarter thoſe which had been driven from the Levant, and a part of thoſe which they had accumulated in the city. Their cruizers on the coaſt of Spain became more vigilant, and ſeem to wiſh to revenge upon that kingdom the reverſe they have experienced in the Spaniſh colonies. All the peninſula deſerves to fix particularly the attention of your majeſty.'

Report of the miniſter of war on the meaſures taken by France under the preſent circumſtances. 6th Jan.

'Your majeſty ordered me to form the firſt and ſecond corps of obſervation of the Geronde. The firſt of thoſe corps, commanded by general Junot, has conquered Portugal. The head of the ſecond is ready to follow the firſt, if circumſtances require it. Your majeſty, whoſe vigilance is never at a fault, wiſhed the corps of obſervation of the ocean, confided to marſhal Moſcey, to be in the third line. The neceſſity of ſhutting the ports of the continent againſt our irreconcileable enemy, and of having upon every point of attack conſiderable means, in order to profit by any fortunate circumſtance which might preſent themſelves, to carry the war to the heart of England, Ireland, and the Indies, may render the levy of the conſcription of 1809 neceſſary. The party which rules at London has proclaimed the principle of eternal war, and the expedition to Copenhagen has revealed its criminal intentions. Though the indignation of all Europe has been excited againſt England; though at no period France had ſuch numerous armies; it is not ſufficient—it is neceſſary that Engliſh influence ſhould be attacked wherever it exiſts, till the moment in which the ſight of ſo many dangers ſhall induce England to drive from her counſels the Oligarchs who direct them, and to confide the adminiſtration to wiſe men, capable of conciliating the love and intereſt of their country with the love and intereſt of the human race. A vulgar policy would have made your majeſty diſarm; but ſuch a policy would be a ſcourge to France, and render imperfect the great reſults you have prepared. Yes, ſire,

fire, your majesty, far from diminishing your arms, ought to augment them, till England shall have acknowledged the independence of all powers, and restore to the seas that tranquillity which your majesty has ensured to the continent. Undoubtedly your majesty must suffer in requiring from your people fresh sacrifices, and in imposing new obligations on them, but you ought also to yield to the cry of all the French—'No repose till the sea be free, and a just peace shall have re-established France in the most just the most useful, and the most necessary of her rights.'

In consequence of the above report, the conservative senate has placed at the disposal of Bonaparte 80,000 of the conscripts for the year 1809; viz. all youths born in the years 1789 and 1790. The grounds of this anticipation were explained by m. Regnaud, one of the orators of state, in the following speech:

Motives of the Senatus consultum upon the conscription of 1809, *declared by Regnaud de St. Jean D'Angely, minister of state.*

'SENATORS,—When your wisdom called out the conscripts of 1808, your wishes were directed towards the peace which signal victories had prepared—you wished to ensure new means of conquering and pacifying. The success surpassed your hopes—the flames of war are extinguished upon the continent—a durable peace has been sworn between the two greatest sovereigns in the world, and Europe has time to breathe. But there is a government to which the repose of Europe is despair, to which peace is terror, to which discord is necessity, and war hope. England has replied to the offer of a generous mediation offered by the emperor of Russia, by carrying fire and sword into the territories of his most ancient ally, by professing more solemnly contempt of the rights of nations, by proclaiming more inhumanly the principal of eternal war. The indignation of all sovereigns has replied to the injurious manifestoes, to the cunning declarations, to the barbarous acts of the cabinet of St. James. The predictions which the orators of his majesty made to you a year ago in this tribune are realized. It is, we said, from the bosom of the continent, which England would set in a flame, that henceforth a terrible war shall be waged against her. It is by applying to her on all the European shores the principles she has applied in all seas, that we shall bring her back to the antient principles of the law of nations and of civilized states. It is by exiling her ships from all the coasts where we have soldiers and allies, that the English ministry will be punished for the culpable refusal of giving peace to the world.' Such, senators, were the words we addressed to you in speaking of the conscription of 1808, and behold a sacred and powerful league is formed to punish the English Oligarchy, defend the rights of nations, and avenge humanity. From the Baltic to the Mediterranean, from the Nile to the Narva, but few points remain to the English ships where they can land, or where they are not forbidden to touch.

'But it is not sufficient to have, by a just reciprocity, pronounced against England that dreadful sentence of outlawry; she must not be permitted to be at rest in the seat of her iniquitous domination, upon any of her coasts, in any of her colonies, under any points of the globe, which are not yet interdicted to her. It is necessary that, repelled from one part of the world, menaced in all others, England should know not where to direct the little military force of which she has the disposal; and that our armies, more formidable than ever, should be ready to carry into her possessions our victorious and revenging eagles. Such, gentlemen, are the motives which have determined his majesty to demand a new conscription. The levy of the preceding year has been, as you foresaw, the pledge of continental peace—the levy of this year will be the presage of a maritime peace. The pillage of the arsenal and port of Copenhagen—the emigration of the Portuguese fleet, have not yet left the continent without ships.

'Our legions can yet reach the English militia—Ireland may yet hope for succour against oppression—India may yet expect deliverers; and while our antient phalanxes shall march to hasten the days of justice, new legions of young warriors shall be trained to discipline and to battle, under the paternal eye of those warlike magistrates, of those senators generals, who with so happy a zeal have already formed brave men to replace those whom war has snatched from the country, or who have been restored to their families. His majesty will have a superabundance of means to realize his pacific views, or to execute his warlike projects. To the powerful armies of his faithful allies, his majesty will unite, for common defence and triumph, so formidable a mass, that success will not long be doubtful. So just a cause will not be vainly defended by so much force, and protected by so many powers. A league so imposing in its elements, so generous in its policy, so just in its objects, so great in its means, will at length bring back our enemies to justice through fear, or to submission through victory.'

Paris,

Paris, Jan. 29.—The ſenate yeſterday held an extraordinary ſitting. We are aſſured, that in this ſitting an organic *Senatus Conſultum* was preſented, for the creation of a new grand dignitary of the empire, with the title of 'Governor-general of the department bevond the Alps:' his prerogatives and functions will be the ſame as thoſe of the prince archchancellor and grand elector; and he will reſide at Genoa.

A late *Moniteur* contains a tranſlation of our king's ſpeech on the opening of the parliament, and an abridgment of the debates which followed in both houſes. Theſe are accompanied by notes, in the uſual tone of invective and inſinuation. The comments chiefly relate to the rejected mediation of Ruſſia—an unqualified condemnation of the Daniſh expedition—our conduct with regard to Portugal, by which all hopes of reconciliation with France are for ever loſt.—Suſpicions againſt Auſtria, ſo far as regards her pretended remonſtrance againſt England—threats againſt Sweden, in which her patriotic ſtruggle is treated with ridicule, predicting that Alexander will ſoon be in poſſeſſion of Stockholm—The declaration of mr. Canning, that he did not receive his information relating to the Pruſſian troops from M. Jacobi, but from an Engliſh miniſter, communicating the intelligence that Pruſſia was to be evacuated by France, without any reference to what England might or might not reſolve on. Bonaparte, however, with the true ſpirit of perfidy, at laſt openly avows that he will not conſent to evacuate Pruſſia till the concluſion of the war, if even then! This paper contains obſervations alſo on ſeveral other ſubjects, in which the inordinate ambition of Bonaparte is more and more evident.—To this comment are added ſome remarks on lord Galloway's ſpeech in parliament, and ſome few hints reſpecting our conduct at Madeira.—We ſcarcely need mention, that the whole of theſe remarks are embittered by every invective which can be ſuggeſted againſt the Britiſh govern-ment.

The moſt remarkable of theſe comments is a long note, in which it is pretended, that a peace of a few years continuance would be very advantageous to this country, and extremely injurious to France. It is ſingular that Bonaparte ſhould permit this argument to be uſed, at the time that he is conſtantly expreſſing a deſire for peace. The ſincerity of that deſire is rendered very queſtionable, when declarations ſo inconſiſtent with it appear in the *Moniteur*. Why does he propoſe to negotiate, if he expects that the effects of a pacification would be ſo unfavourable to him?

Kehl oppoſite to Strafburgh, Caſſel oppoſite to Mayance, Weſel and Fluſhing have been united to the French empire.

It is in contemplation, in France, to plant and cultivate the cotton-tree in the ſouthern provinces of that country.

Bonaparte continues to elevate and ſecure his family, by extending its connexions among the antient houſes of Germany. The niece of his brother in-law, Murat, has been lately married to the prince of Hohenzollern; and a relative of madame Bonaparte to the prince of Aremberg.

Among Bonaparte's recent creations of title, he has named one of his grand-daughters (Joſephine) princeſs of Boulogne. This is to be conſidered as a mark of royal favour, conferred upon that town for the loyalty and bravery diſplayed by its inhabitants in their ſeveral rencontres with the Engliſh: perhaps too with a reference to the future ſervices to be performed by the ſame inhabitants, in their co-operation with the projected expedition, which the foreign papers begin again to intimate is about to be undertaken againſt this country.

Bonaparte is making arrangements for the improvement of his dock-yards; there are to be 28 companies of about 277 men each, and to be divided into ſub-diviſions of 18.

Napoleon has paſſed a decree, dated the 11th inſt. for the enforcement of his decrees of Nov 23 and Dec. 17, for the confiſcation of ſuch neutral veſſels entering the ports belonging to France, or occupied by her troops, as may have touched in a Britiſh port, or been viſited by a Britiſh cruizer. By this decree, any of the crew or paſſengers on board ſuch veſſel, giving evidence of ſuch viſitation, is to be rewarded with a third part of the value of the ſhip and cargo. Any cuſtom houſe officer contravening this decree, is declared guilty of treaſon.

Armand Victor le Chevalier, formerly a chief of the Chouans, and pardoned, was tried by a court martial at Paris, on the 9th inſt. and ſentenced to ſuffer death, for having aſſembled an armed force laſt June, of which he conſtituted himſelf the chief.

A man named Deſnoyelles was lately fined 100 livres by one of the tribunals of Paris, for not having prevented his wife, Louiſa Lecoc, abuſing the credulity of the conſcripts by telling their fortune on the cards; the poor man in vain pleaded that he had no power of controul over his wife; but the judge ſilenced the plea by threatening a farther mulct for his criminal abandonment of that authority with which the laws of God and man had inveſted him.

HOLLAND.

The *Flushing gazette extraordinary* of the 17th ult. was published for the purpose of announcing the damage done at Flushing by a storm and high tide on the 15th. The following is an abstract of this distressing detail:

At one o'clock on the morning of the 15th, the tide rose over the quays, and, being driven by a violent wind, poured in torrents through all the streets of the lower town—the inundation was so rapid as to have attained a great height before it was perceived; and many had scarcely time to remove their children out of bed to a place of greater safety. In less than half an hour, the water in many places was nine feet deep, and in the lower streets more than 14; so that in some low houses the inhabitants could only save themselves on the roofs.

With how much rapidity the water advanced will appear from the following instance: in the Palingstreet, a woman was found drowned, lying half out of bed, with her youngest child in her arms; her eldest child was likewise out of bed; but, in consequence, no doubt, of the rapid rise of the water, they were all three found lifeless.

At break of day, the wind abated, and, the water decreasing with the ebb, the water left the houses on the town quay; but it still continued in the lower parts of the town, and was of considerable depth till the following day. Many persons in boats and other small vessels then conveyed some scanty supplies of provisions and water to the inhabitants in the upper stories, and on the tops of the houses.

The water on the Vineyard quay, at the magazine of provisions of the French empire, made a great breach, through which beams of ship-timber were driven with so much violence, that they greatly damaged and endangered several houses, and entirely threw down others, causing the death of several persons. A great number of horses, and cattle, standing in the stalls of the dealers, were drowned.—This calamity was still more aggravated by a frost setting in, which rendered it necessary, so long as the frost lasted, and no rain fell, to fetch rain-water from Middleburg; what fresh water they before had having been spoiled by the salt water.

Twenty-nine persons, who lost their lives on this occasion, have been buried at the expence of the town; and subscriptions have been opened for the relief of the sufferers.

A most severe decree has been passed in Holland; by which the ports of that country are ordered to be shut against vessels of every description; ships of war belonging to Holland and her allies only excepted.—It was thus prefaced: 'Considering that every European nation ought to co-operate with all its might to the triumph of the cause of the continent, in a contest which will not be of long duration, and whose result is not doubtful—considering that our particular duty, as well as the dearest interests of our people, commands us to accede in all points to the desires of his majesty the emperor of the French, our illustrious brother, and even to surpass his hopes—considering that the indemnity and relief which our kingdom has a right to demand and expect depend entirely upon the powerful intervention of France—considering, in fine, that however great the sacrifices hitherto made by this country may be, and however painful its situation, both under the relations of commerce and those of finance, it is of much greater interest to dissipate all the doubts that might exist with respect to our intentions, and to prove to Europe, in the most signal manner, our attachment, and that of our people, to the common cause; have decreed and do decree as follows,' &c. &c.

The Dutch official gazette also contains a very strong article upon the conduct which the Dutch commerce ought to pursue at present. The following are the most striking passages:—'Abandon common speculation; do not suffer yourselves to be excluded with impunity from the empire of the seas—fit out privateers to wrest the prey from the enemy, to procure provisions, become almost of the first necessity; it is in the enemy's ships that you ought to seek for your colonies; it is at their expence you ought to furnish your correspondents with the merchandize they want.—Recollect the courage of your ancestors; recollect that you are fellow-countrymen of Ruyter and Tromp—Must the Danes be, of the least popular nations, the only one who dares attack the English in open sea? Must history say, that the Danes were in the 19th century what the Dutch were in the 17th?—Arm, Dutchmen! Let all our ports be filled with armed vessels, ready to fall upon the enemy.'

The king of Holland is in future to reside at Amsterdam.

SPAIN.

The king of Spain, by a decree of the 3d inst. has ordered the rigid enforcement, throughout his states, of the measures adopted by France against the commerce of this country; as also in regard to neutrals touching at our ports, or visited by our cruizers.

Gen. Moncey, with a body of French-

troops, has entered Spain. An immenſe number of cloiſters and convents are to be ſecularifed in Portugal.

PORTUGAL.

It clearly appears from the decrees iſſued by gen. Junot ſince his arrival at Liſbon, that the reſentment of the inhabitants towards the invading enemy was openly manifeſted on their firſt entering the city. Aſſaſſinations are ſtated to have been daily committed; and military tribunals were accordingly inſtituted for the purpoſe of puniſhing all perſons who might be found to have fire-arms in their poſſeſſion, without ſpecial permiſſion.

Another proclamation, iſſued by general Junot, for the ſequeſtration of Britiſh property, has been received. According to this ordinance, any merchant, agent, or trader, concealing Engliſh property, is to be fined in a ſum equal to ten times the value of ſuch property, and to be ſubjected to corporal puniſhment. General Junot has charged the regency with the rigid execution of theſe orders.

The cardinal patriarch at Liſbon has iſſued another proclamation; in which, after exhorting the people to be reconciled to the chains of the French, he ſpeaks in terms of blaſphemous adulation of the tyrant by whom the country is oppreſſed:

'Fear not, beloved children (ſays he); live ſecure in your houſes and out of them; bear in mind that this army belongs to his majeſty the emperor of the French, and king of Italy, NAPOLEON THE GREAT, whom God has deſtined to *defend and protect religion, and conſtitute the happineſs of the people*. You know it. *All the world knows it.* Confide then, with unalterable ſecurity, in *this matchleſs prodigy of all ages*. He will ſhower down on us the bleſſings of peace, if you reſpect his determinations: the people will all be happy, *if they are worthy of ſuch high protection!!!*'

ITALY.

A Britiſh garriſon of about 250 men occupies the fort of Scylla in Calabria. The rock on which it is built preſents a nearly perpendicular face to the land ſide, and, the avenues to it having been deſtroyed, the poſition has been rendered inacceſſible. Towards the ſea narrow flights of ſtairs, ſtrongly defended, have been cut in the rock, and by theſe, regular ſupplies of water and proviſions are received from Meſſina.

Two Engliſh couriers are reported to have been murdered on their routes from Syracuſe to Palermo.

A Ruſſian veſſel from Brindes in Italy, with corn, for Civitia Vecchia, was lately taken by a Britiſh cruizer, who put eight ſeamen on board, and ordered her to Malta. The Ruſſian maſter however, going below, ſecretly bored a hole in the bottom, through which the water ruſhed ſo rapidly, that the Engliſh were obliged to abandon the prize, and, with their priſoners, take to a ſmall boat—they were ſhortly after picked up by an Auſtrian veſſel, which landed them at Ragufa, where the luckleſs captors were conſigned to a priſon!

Tuſcany delivered up to Bonaparte.

From an article in the Dutch papers, our readers will ſee with what eaſe and facility Bonaparte gives and takes away kingdoms. They will likewiſe notice the *naïveté* of the queen of Etruria, who ſo graciouſly ſurrenders her crown and dignity to the little great man.

Florence, Dec. 10.—In purſuance of a convention between their majeſties, the emperor of the French and king of Italy, and the king of Spain, Tuſcany has been ceded to his imperial majeſty; and yeſterday evening the queen (to whom other ſtates are to be aſſigned) departed hence with a train of between 40 and 50 carriages, containing baggage and private property; after which, the Etrurians were diſcharged from their oaths of allegiance, and the government declared to be diſſolved, by the following proclamation:

'Charles Louis, infant of Spain, king of Etruria, &c. and on the part of his majeſty, her majeſty Maria Louiſa, infanta of Spain, queen regent of Etruria.

'Whereas his majeſty the emperor of the French and king of Italy has informed us, that, by virtue of a treaty concluded with his catholic majeſty, other ſtates are appointed for us in exchange for the kingdom of Etruria, ceded to the moſt illuſtrious emperor by the aforeſaid treaty; we conſider our reign in Etruria, as diſolved from this day, and hence diſcharge the Etrurian nation from every oath of allegiance towards our royal perſon.

'Yet we cannot ſeparate from ſubjects ſo dearly beloved without publicly aſſuring them of our entire gratitude, and of the memory which we ſhall at all times retain of the faithful attachment which they have diſplayed during the time of our government.

'Yet if there is a thought which can diminiſh our affliction at ſuch a ſeparation, it is this, that the kingdom of Etruria, ſo obedient a nation, becomes ſubject to the happy government of a monarch who is adorned with the moſt heroic virtues, among which the conſtant care is pre-eminent, which he labours to aſſure the proſperity of the people under his authority.

MARIA LOUISA.

'*Given the 10th of December*, 1807.'

SWITZERLAND.

The Landaman of Switzerland has ad-

dreſſed obſervations to the different governments of the cantons, on the neceſſity of giving force to the decrees iſſued by France againſt the commerce of England.

GERMANY.

Prince John of Lichtenſtein gave a grand fête to the emperor of Auſtria on his marriage, at which there were ſix hundred covers.

The ſtates of Hungary have voted to the emperor a 6th, of their revenues, they form real eſtates and a 100 part of their perſonal property; they have alſo voted 12,000 recroits.

In Suabia, 69,328 perſons have been vaccinated with the happieſt effect.

The late elector of Treves, it is ſaid, is to be appointed archbiſhop of the kingdom of Bavaria.

The ſituation of Hanover is becoming every day more diſtreſſing, on account of the oppreſſion of the enemy. A new forced loan to the amount of nine millions of francs, is immediately to be raiſed there; which, in caſe of refuſal on the part of the inhabitants, 'is to be levied by the moſt rigorous means of exaction.'

PRUSSIA.

Declaration of Pruſſia againſt England.

'The king being obliged, by the 27th article of the treaty of the peace of Tilſit, concluded on the 9th July 1807, to ſhut, without exception, the Pruſſian ports and ſtates againſt the trade and navigation of England, as long as the war laſted between England and France, his majeſty has not heſitated to take progreſſively the moſt appropriate meaſures to fulfil his engagements. In directing theſe meaſures, his majeſty did not diſſemble the prejudice and loſs which would reſult to the commerce of his dominions in general, and that of his ſubjects, who, by a long ſeries of misfortunes, have acquired new rights to his paternal ſolicitude and benevolence; but his majeſty yielded to the conſolatory hope that the mediation offered by Ruſſia to England, by accelerating the return of a definitive peace between Great Britain and France, would ſoon bring about an order of things more congenial to the particular intereſts of each power—the king has been deceived in his juſt expectation; the events that have taken place ſince, and which are too well known to render it neceſſary to recapitulate them, far from bringing the ſo much deſired period of general peace nearer, have only placed it at a greater diſtance.—All communication is broken off between Ruſſia and England. The declaration of his majeſty the emperor of all the Ruſſias, publiſhed on the 26th October, proves that there is no longer any relation between thoſe two powers. His Pruſſian majeſty, intimately connected by all his relations with the cauſe and ſyſtem of the continental neighbouring and friendly powers, has no other rules of conduct than his duties, founded upon the intereſts of his ſtates, and the obligation contracted by a ſolemn treaty.—Conformably to theſe principles, his majeſty, ſetting aſide thoſe conſiderations which he had hitherto reſpected, in the vain hope for a ſpeedy general pacification; and having refuſed, ſince the miſſion of lord Hutchinſon, to receive at his court any Engliſh diplomatic agent, has juſt ordered his legation at London to quit England as ſoon as poſſible, and return to the continent.—His majeſty the king of Pruſſia, in making known the reſolutions which his engagement and the intereſt of his monarchy impoſe upon him as a duty, declares by theſe preſents, that till the reſtoration of a definitive peace between the two belligerent powers, there ſhall be no relation between Pruſſia and England.

FREDERICK WILLIAM.'

Memel, Dec. 1, 1807.

An article from Hamburgh ſays, 'the king of Pruſſia is arrived at Konigſberg, from Memel. He appears aſhamed to go to Berlin. His misfortunes have rendered him an object of pity.

SWEDEN.

The magnanimous king of Sweden, having rejected with indignation all the overtures which have lately been made to him by the humiliated monarch of Ruſſia, and the *Frenchified* prince of Denmark, has returned as his final anſwer, that he was determined, at the riſk of incurring the reſentment of both thoſe powers, to continue his alliance with Great Britain; the emperor Alexander, in obedience to the commands Bonaparte, has *declared war againſt Sweden*, and thus added another record of his ſubſerviency to the views of the tyrant of the continent. A Ruſſian army has already entered Swediſh Finland. The force employed in enterprize originally conſiſted of 50,000 men; but the difficulty of procuring proviſions occaſioned it to be reduced to 35,000. It is probable, however, that at a more favourable ſeaſon the Ruſſians will advance in far greater force; but if that gallant ſpirit which has animated the Swedes in every period of their hiſtory be not extinct, a formidable and ſucceſsful ſtand may be made againſt the invading force. The Swediſh army in Finland amounts to 25,000 men, and the militia, we believe, may be rendered effective to nearly the ſame number. The nature of the country is beſides moſt favourable to a defenſive ſyſtem of warfare; abounding as it does in fortreſſes, defiles, and all thoſe natural

natural obſtacles which render tactics of little comparative advantage, and place a bold and hardy peaſantry almoſt on a level with diſciplined troops.

We underſtand, that a treaty of offenſive and defenſive alliance has been concluded with Sweden; by which this country has agreed to furniſh his Swediſh majeſty with ſuch ſuccours as will, we truſt, enable him to ſuſtain the dignified and independent attitude that he has aſſumed.

By this treaty, the iſland of Martrand, near Gottenburgh, is to be ſurrendered to the Engliſh, as a depôt for the naval and military force to be employed in the Baltic; it poſſeſſes an excellent harbour, and from its ſtrength is termed the Gibraltar of Sweden. It will be further important, as commanding the entrance of the Categate.

The aſſiſtance which his Swediſh majeſty has ſtated to be neceſſary, to enable him to contend with the powerful combination which has been formed againſt him, conſiſts,

1ſt, Of 16 ſail of the line.

2d, Twenty thouſand Britiſh troops with which a corps of 15,000 ſelect Swediſh troops are to act.

3d, A ſubſidy of 100,000*l.* per month, during the continuance of the war.

Every man in Sweden capable of bearing arms, between the age of 16 and 60, is to be called into active ſervice.—A ſpirit of enthuſiaſm has burſt through the country; and all conſiderations of the dangers and privations of war are loſt in anticipations of the glory and advantages of its reſult, ſo far at leaſt as refers to the invaſion of the Ruſſians.

The Swedes are forming magazines of bread, forage, &c. at Helſingburgh and other parts of Scania; where it is underſtood the Britiſh army is to be ſtationed, to oppoſe an expected invaſion of the French and Dutch from Zealand.

RUSSIA.

Letters from Peterſburg announce the arrival of Caulincourt the new French ambaſſador, in that city, accompanied by a guard of honour, which had been ſent to meet him, and amid the plaudits of a few wretched people, who were, perhaps, hired for that purpoſe. On the ſame day he was introduced to the emperor Alexander, by whom he was moſt graciouſly received. By the reſpectable part of the inhabitants the honours paid to Caulincourt were viewed with ſullen ſilence; but the reflections which have ſince been unreſervedly made throughout Peterſburg are ſuch as muſt be far from pleaſing to the emperor, for they are in direct hoſtility to what is termed 'the new order of things.'—Theſe letters corroborate former accounts relative to a demand made by Bonaparte to receive in marriage a ſiſter of the emperor of Ruſſia, who is not a little embarraſſed between the danger of refuſing, and the ſhame of acceding to, ſuch a propoſal.—We do not, however, credit the report.

Private letters from Peterſburg ſtate, that the antient nobility ſtill continue their averſion to the new ſyſtem of Ruſſian politics, and that the liquidation commiſſioners had requeſted that two *Engliſh* merchants ſhould be added to their number, which requeſt had been complied with by the emperor.

According to the laſt return made by the Ruſſian miniſtry, the Ruſſian navy conſiſts of 43 ſail of the line, 34 frigates, 59 cutters, brigs, &c. and 221 ſmaller veſſels. Of this force, 20 ſhips of the line and 4 frigates were in the Black Sea, and beſides them, 11 line of battle ſhips in other ſeas.

The capture of a Ruſſian veſſel in the Adriatic (having on board ſeveral members of the late government of the Ionian republic) by one of our cruizers, and their being ſent as priſoners of war to Malta, is ſtated to have determined the emperor Alexander to conſider the Britiſh ſubjects reſident in Ruſſia, as hoſtages for their ſafety and releaſe; and to have induced an order for ſuſpending all paſſports. The following is an extract of a letter from an Engliſh merchant on the ſubject.

'*Peterſburg, 12th (24th) Jan.*

'It is ſtated that no further paſſports will henceforth be granted to Engliſh ſubjects of courſe we conſider ourſelves now as priſoners of war.'

ASIA.

The report of a formidable expedition, with Perſian concurrence and aid, being about to proceed againſt the Engliſh poſſeſſions in India, is repeated in accounts from Moſcow.

Several French officers who ſerved with M. de Buſſy, in India, have arrived at Aſtracan in the Caſpian ſea.

AMERICA.

New-York papers to the 7th, and Boſton to the 12th of January, bring an account of the arrival of mr. Roſe at Norfolk, in Virginia. A letter from Waſhington ſtates, that mr. Roſe, being anxious not to violate the preſident's proclamation, relative to the entrance of Britiſh ſhips of war into the waters of the united ſtates, applied to commodore Decatur, to know whether the Statira was included in the prohibition. The commodore referred to the collector of the cuſtoms, who was abſent, and this occaſioned ſome delay. In the mean time mr. Roſe, with becoming ſpirit, declared that he would not ſet a foot

on shore until he was satisfied that he should be received with due respect and hospitality. The British consul, mr. Hamilton, then sent an express to mr. Erskine, at Washington, who applied to the American executive, and an express was immediately forwarded to Norfolk, to remove all difficulties, and to request that mr. Rose would repair to the seat of government. He was expected at Washington by the 8th or 9th of January.

The American papers state, on the authority of a letter from Charleston, a report, that Spain has ceded the Floridas to France.

A curious proceeding has taken place in the house of representatives: mr. Randolph has accused general Wilkinson of being in the pay of the Spanish government, and has produced documents in proof of that charge. The consideration of the subject was postponed to the 4th of January; we have not yet received the proceedings of congress on that day. The president has informed the congress by a message, that the Indians, who had assembled in the neighbourhood of Detroit, have returned to their respective territories. Washington is found inconvenient for public business; and it is reported that Philadelphia is again to become the seat of the American government.

One of the documents alluded to above, produced by mr. Randolph against Wilkinson, is as follows:

TRANSLATION.

In the galley the Victoria, Bernardo Molina, Patron, there have been sent to don Vincent Folch nine thousand six hundred and forty dollars; which sum, without making the least use of it, you will hold at my disposal, to deliver it at the moment that an order may be presented to you by the American general, don James Wilkinson. God preserve you many years.

New Orleans, 20th Jan. 1796.

The BARON DE CARONDELET.

To senor don Thomas Portel.

I certify that the foregoing is a copy of its original, to which I refer.

(Signed) THOMAS PORTEL.

New Madrid, 27th June, 1796.

General Wilkinson has, in consequence, challenged mr. Randolph; but the latter refused to answer the summons, till general Wilkinson, by clearing his character, should bring himself upon a level with him. Several angry letters have passed between the parties.

According to the late accounts from the united states, we learn that they have now in their service 16 captains, 9 majors commandant, 72 lieutenants, 17 Surgeons, 15 surgeons mates, 3 chaplains, 22 sailing masters, 150 midshipmen, 19 pursers, 13 boatswains, 6 gunners, 6 carpenters, 5 sail-makers, 170 petty-officers, and 1580 seamen.—Marines: 3 captains, 14 first lieutenants, 8 second lieutenants, 30 serjeants, 39 musicians, 653 rank and file.

Bonaparte is reported to have demanded from the American government a sum equal to the duty received on the imports into America of produce from St. Domingo, since it became independent.

Official details of the actions at Buenos Ayres have been published in the Madrid Court Gazette. Liniers asserts, that the English army lost 4000 men in the first attack. It is also stated, that general Whitelocke made him a present of a sword, as an acknowledgment for the humanity shewn by the Spanish commander to the English prisoners and the wounded. In return, general Liniers presented some valuable minerals, and other curiosities to general Whitelocke.

A letter from Huntingdon, Pennsylvania, dated the 12th Nov. says, 'Thursday last was the darkest day ever witnessed by the oldest inhabitant here; the uncommon darkness occasioned by the eclipse of the sun in June 1806 being nothing in comparison to it. The court, which was at the time sitting, and people generally, were obliged to burn candles at mid day for two hours, during which this awful obscuration lasted. The fowls went to roost, and every thing had the appearance of night. The cause of this phænomenon has not been discovered: the morning had been foggy, and the atmosphere cloudy.

In the month of September a dreadful gale of wind was felt in the bay of Mexico. At Campeachy, fifty houses were destroyed, and about fifty vessels lost. The tide rose to such a height as to drive some of the vessels three miles into the interior. About twelve vessels were lost at Vera Cruz; most of the crews perished.

Government has received advices from Botany Bay, dated the 18th of March; which state, that a plot to overturn the government had been discovered to have been entered into by Dwyer, Byrne, and others, who had been transported from Ireland for political offences. One of the instructions given by them to the slaves or servants who were concerned in the conspiracy was, that each, upon the breaking out of the insurrection, should murder his master.

The Sydney Gazette gives sad details of losses occasioned at Botany Bay by flood; whereby corn, stock, and buildings, were destroyed, to the value of 35,000*l.*

LONDON

LONDON, *Feb.* 24.

IT is with unfeigned ſorrow we announce to our readers, that the gallant lord Lake died yeſterday evening of a fever, which he caught a few days ago, in attending the court martial on general Whitelocke. His lordſhip's illneſs was not conſidered alarming till Saturday, but it afterwards baffled all medical ſkill. His royal highneſs the prince, who had long known his lordſhip on confidential terms, took his laſt leave of this departing hero, in a manner that did equal credit to the character and feelings of both parties; and his lordſhip's life was ſo ſplendidly honoured with atchievements and glory, and his military character was ſo deſervedly high in the eſtimation of his country, that his death in this eventful time, may be deemed a national calamity. No ſoldier more fairly gained 'the laurels—meed of mighty conquerors,'—and no perſon could bear his honours more meekly. His loſs will be lamented *here*, and his companions in glory, who ſtill remain in India, will moſt ſolemnly mourn the death of their favourite hero, whoſe gallant firmneſs led them on to fame, and placed a record of their deeds among the atchieves of hiſtory. Lord Lake was general in the army, colonel of the 80th regiment, governor of Plymouth, and treaſurer of the dutchy of Cornwall.

The following letter has been received from admiral Duckworth's ſquadron:—

Off Madeira, Jan. 27.

'This morning the Comus hove in ſight, and communicated by telegraph, the intelligence that ſhe was chaſed on the 24th by an enemy's line of battle ſhip and a frigate, in lat. 30. long. 50. this has determined the admiral to go after them.—The Dragon is now in ſight; the ſeas are covered with merchant ſhips, of a diſperſed convoy; we ſaw about forty ſail yeſterday, and there are now about 20 in ſight. Sir John means to order one of our frigates to take charge of the ſtragglers.—We ſhall proceed with all diſpatch.'

25.] His majeſty's ſchooner, Sealark, lieutenant Banks, who was ſent over by vice-admiral Ruſſel in a flag of truce to the Texel, to enquire into the particulars concerning the loſs of the Flora, returned to Yarmouth laſt Monday.—Lieutenant Banks was the bearer of a private letter from captain Paget, commanding the blockade of the Texel to captain Bland of the late Flora; but the Dutch officer who came out to meet the ſchooner would neither permit her to go into the Texel, nor would he receive the private letter, which was open, and contained only intelligence of capt. Bland's family, he ſaid, he had it in orders to have no ſort of communication whatſoever coming from England either public or private; and therefore lieutenant Banks was under the neceſſity of coming away with the information only that the Flora was wrecked on the coaſt of Holland; but that every perſon was ſaved.

March, 1.] The Rock ſchooner is ſaid to have got the intelligence of the arrival of the Rochfort ſquadron at Toulon, from one of our ſquadrons, which ſpoke an American from Rochelle, who informed her, that accounts of the arrival of the ſquadron at Toulon, had been received by the telegraph, and that there were fifteen thouſand troops aſſembled near Toulon, for a foreign expedition. The circumſtance of the intelligence having come from an American ſhip would naturally have excited doubts; but our Plymouth letter adds, that the Melampus frigate arrived on Sunday afternoon, with an account, confirming the Rock's intelligence of the French having entered the Mediterranean, and of ſir Richard Strachan, having paſſed the ſtreights in purſuit of them.

A letter from Plymouth dock mentions the arrival, not of the Melampus, but of the Cambrian frigate, with diſpatches from admiral Purvis and ſir Richard Strachan, who had gone into the Mediterranean, in purſuit of the enemy. Our fleet was well off Cadiz on the 9th. The Cambrian frigate had a very tedious paſſage home. But though the Rochfort ſquadron may be gone into the Mediterranean, we truſt that the report of its arrival at Toulon

is not correct. Lord Collingwood was in the Mediterranean, and ſuppoſed to be off Toulon—the enemy therefore may fall in with them.

It is conjectured that the object of the enemy, in aſſembling troops, and in trying to collect a fleet at Toulon, is to undertake an expedition to Egypt.

Since writing the above we have received intelligence, that the diſpatches brought to government by the Cambrian frigate, mention that the French ſquadron was ſeen paſſing the gut of Gibraltar, on the 26th or 27th of January, bound as is ſuppoſed, for Toulon. Sir Richard Strachan received intelligence a few days afterwards, and paſſed the ſtreights the 9th of laſt month.

5.] A letter from Dover, dated ſix o'clock, Friday evening, ſays—'A boat is this inſtant come on ſhore from an American veſſel, but her name the boatmen did not inquire, ſhe being under quarantine. The captain of her reports that he fell in with another American veſſel off cape St. Vincent, that had been detained three days by the Rochfort ſquadron, which he ſaid had actually gone into Cadiz, and that he gave this information to admiral Duckworth, whom he fell in with on the following day. The boatmen did not enquire the time this happened. Paſſed by a convoy from the Downs, bound to the weſtward. Wind N. E. blows ſtrong.

The earldom of Craufurd and Lindſay, with a rental of 42,000l. per annum, has devolved on ſergeant Lindſay, of the royal Perthſhire militia, at preſent ſtationed at Dover. It is ſaid, when this unexpected news was conveyed to lady Craufurd, ſhe was found toiling over a waſhing tub; and in her precipitancy to aſſume the ſituation, which this ſudden tranſition of fortune had placed her in, ſhe threw it down, exclaiming, '*It is high time to leave off waſhing!!!*'—The earl and his lady ſoon prepared to leave Dover, and paſſed through this city a ſhort time ſince, in a chaiſe and four, to take poſſeſſion of their eſtates, &c. &c.

15.] On Saturday, ſir Edmund Nagle had a long audience of the board of admiralty, and received his appointment as commander in chief at Guernſey, in the room of ſir James Sumarez, who is to have the command in the Baltic. Captain Skyes goes with ſir E. Neagle as captain of the Diomede, of 64 guns.

The preparations which were on Thurſday making for diſmanding the hall at Cheliſea, in which the late court martial was held, have been countermanded, it being underſtood that the conduct of another general officer at Buenos Ayres, is about to become the ſubject of inveſtigation.

DUBLIN, *March*, 1.

SATURDAY night laſt, the Derry mail was robbed, while ſtanding at Tuit's inn, Weſt-ſtreet, Drogheda, of the road-bag, containing all the papers and letters from Dublin to Derry. The coach was left unprotected by the guard, or the robbery could not have been perpetrated. The villains, after opening the bag near the Linen-hall, threw it into the Boyne, and ſingular to relate, it floated down the river, and was taken up near Green-hills by a boy who ſaw it early next morning.—We underſtand the guard was committed to newgate.—*Saunders.*

3.] On Monday ſe'nnight, a man named William Flood, ſtopping at the inn in Herbert's-town, county Limerick, to take ſome refreſhment, was viewed by the inn-keeper as a ſuſpicious character, who immediately went and gave information to mr. E. Barry, yeoman, and mr. James Harding, both of that town; they inſtantly came, and in the act of apprehending him he endeavoured to eſcape, which cauſed mr. H. to fire after him, and hit him over the calf of one of his legs, when he fell. On their coming up and ſearching him, they found ſome fire-arms and a parcel containing a gold watch and chain, ſome jewels, and other articles of value, which he acknowledged to be the property of mrs. Bayly, and that he was one of the

gang

gang who robbed that lady on Kilworth mountain, on Saturday week. He has alſo given information of the party, and was committed by Joſeph Gubbins, a magiſtrate for that county, to the bridewell of the hoſpital.

5.] On Friday night, an attrocious tranſaction, which for years back has not had a parallel in the tranquil county of Kilkenny, took place in the neighbourhood of Ballyragget :—A young man of the name of Downey, we believe, had formed an attachment with the daughter of a farmer named Bergen, who diſapproved of the propoſed union, and was in treaty with another young man, whom he preferred for the match : Downey having been made acquainted with this intention, aſſembled a party of his comrades on the above night, and proceeded to the houſe of Bergen, with whom he entered into an expoſtulation on the buſineſs :—but, in the mean time, his party, under the apprehenſion of an attack from the friends of the favoured rival, had retired for the purpoſe of recruiting their numbers—and on their return, without inquiry or ceremony, they fired into the houſe, and ſhot their leader dead on the ſpot ; intoxication probably having deſtroyed the remembrance of their having left him behind on their former departure.

8.] On Thurſday evening her grace the ducheſs of Richmond, gave a moſt ſplendid ball at the caſtle, to which almoſt every perſon of rank and faſhion were invited. Their graces came into the ball-room before ten o'clock, and dancing commenced at half paſt ten. His grace led off the ball with the counteſs of Mayo, and was followed by 25 couple. The ſupper rooms were thrown open at one o'clock. Their graces table ſurpaſſed every thing which any former occaſion preſented in this country. It was laid out in magnificence, and decorated with the moſt taſteful devices. Four grand and maſſive gold candleſticks, with extending branches, ſupported nine lights each, between which, alternately were placed gold vaſes, and a gold filagree baſket, filled with natural flowers of the moſt beautiful and vivid appearances, when, to thoſe were added the ſervice of gold plate, the whole ſcene formed a coupe d'œil of the moſt princely and elegant kind.

About fifty of the firſt nobility, and the lord and lady mayoreſs, ſat at their graces' table, which was ſerved with every luxury. There was ſupper laid out for 300. Dancing commenced after ſupper, and was kept up till paſt four in the morning.

9.] We underſtand that lord Strangford is to be inveſted with the order of St. Patrick, vacant by the death of the marquis of Thomond.

A dreadful inſtance of ferocity occurred a week ſince at Stapleton priſon, near Briſtol. Two Frenchmen having quarrelled late in the evening, were locked up previous to the ſettlement of the diſpute ; but in the night one of the parties with his friend, inſiſting upon his antagoniſt's getting out of bed and fighting him immediately :—the latter complied. It was determined that they ſhould fight with the two legs of a pair a compaſſes, which were broken in half, and the points ſharpened for the purpoſe. They ruſhed upon each other, mutually ſtabbing, till the aggreſſor fell lifeleſs on the ground. His friend immediately ſeized the weapon from the hands of the corpſe, inſiſting that the fight ſhould be renewed with him ; it was agreed, and after a horrible rencontre, he ſhared the ſame fate as the firſt. —The ſurvivor (who is much wounded but not dangerouſly) was ſecured as ſoon as the circumſtance was known to the guard, and a coroner's inqueſt ſat on the bodies. As it appeared that the two deceaſed perſons were the aggreſſors in the affair, the jury brought in a verdict of manſlaughter againſt the ſurvivor.

17.] The rapidity with which Nelſon's pillar is now proceeding, bids fair for a ſpeedy completion ; it is conſiderably above the ſurface, and is expected to be finiſhed in little more than a year.

The ſpecial jury impannelled to try the cauſe in the court of king's bench,

in

in which the right of prizage on wines claimed by the earl of Ormond, was depending, was decided by their verdict in favour of his lordſhip's right.—The defendant was mr. James, a reſpectable merchant of this city.

The announced deſign of exploring the mineral wealth of this kingdom opens one of the richeſt and moſt noble ſcenes of expectation that ever was held up to the country. The plan which is juſt intimated to the public is truly national in its object, and ought to have the ſuccour of every man in the community. What would England be at this day, if all her great interior public improvements were not produced by the ſpirit, energy and induſtry of her citizens, and if ſhe had to depend upon the great in office for the accompliſhment of all her admirable plans of cultivation? What ſhe is, Ireland may be, if her inhabitants would but imitate her example in ſpirit, and now follow up the intended inveſtigation of her unopened magazines of mineral wealth.

The well conſtructed thoroughfare between Caſtle ſtreet and Great Ship-ſtreet, is now opened for the convenience of the public; the great aſcent from Ship ſtreet to Caſtle ſtreet, is rendered eaſy to the paſſenger by means of five diſtinct landing places or platforms, to each of which there is an aſcent by eight ſtone ſteps, and the entire of this thoroughfare is made of ſtrong mountain ſtone granite, and is 14 feet wide; there are ſtrong iron gates at each entrance, one in Caſtle ſtreet, the other adjoining the gate of the lower Caſtle-yard in Ship ſtreet; from the centre of this avenue, there is alſo a communication opened into Hoey's court, and Werburgh ſtreet, to which there is an aſcent of two platforms by a ſimilar conſtruction with that of the principal thoroughfare, and in which there is alſo a ſtrong iron gate; this thoroughfare is cloſed every night, and open to the public every day, by which a conſiderable convenience is derived by all perſons having occaſion to reſort to thoſe parts of the town, as well as the additional ornament and improvement which this laudable work preſents to the eye.

The mole, or pier, which for ſome time has been conſtructing at Howth, has by order of government been diſcontinued, as it is determined to form an harbour at that place upon a much more extenſive and advantageous a ſcale.

Major-gen. the hon. Edward Paget, from the royal regiment of Malta, has been appointed colonel of the 80th regiment of foot, vice lord Lake, deceaſed; and major-general John Murray, from the 79th foot, has been appointed colonel of the royal regiment of Malta.

GENERAL WHITELOCKE'S SENTENCE.

GENERAL ORDERS.

Horſe guards, March 24. 1808.

At a general court martial, of which general the right hon. ſir William Meadows, K. B. was preſident, held by virtue of his majeſty's ſpecial warrant, bearing date the 24th of January 1808, at the royal hoſpital at Chelſea, on the 28th of the ſame month, and continued by adjournment until the 18th of March following, *lieutenant-general* John Whitelocke was tried upon the following charges, viz.—*(The charges have already appeared in the public papers.)*

SENTENCE.

The court martial having duly conſidered the evidence given in ſupport of the charges againſt the priſoner, lieutenant-general Whitelocke, his defence, and the evidence he has adduced, are of opinion that he is guilty of the whole of the ſaid charges, with the exception of that part of the ſecond charge which relates to the order that 'the columns ſhould be unloaded, and that no firing ſhould be permitted on any account.'

The court are anxious that it may be diſtinctly underſtood that they attach no cenſure whatever to the precautions taken to prevent unneceſſary firing during the advance of the troops to the propoſed point of attack, and do therefore acquit general Whitelocke of that part of the ſaid charge.

The court adjudge, that the ſaid lieutenant-

lieutenant-general Whitelocke be cashiered and declared totally unfit and unworthy to serve his majesty in any military capacity whatever.

The king has been pleased to confirm the above sentence, and his royal highness the commander in chief has received his majesty's command to direct, that it shall be read at the head of every regiment in his service, and inserted in all regimental orderly books, with a view of its becoming a lasting memorial of the fatal consequences to which officers expose themselves, who, in the discharge of the important duties confided to them, are deficient in that zeal, judgment, and personal exertion, which their sovereign and their country, have a right to expect from officers entrusted with high commands.

To his majesty, who has ever taken a most lively interest in the welfare, the honour, and reputation of his troops, the recent failure of South America, has proved a subject of the most heartfelt regret; but it has been a great consolation to him, and his majesty has commanded it to be intimated to the army, that after a most minute investigation, his majesty finds ample cause for gratification in the intrepidity and good conduct displayed by his troops, late employed on that service, and particularly by those divisions of the army, which were personally engaged with the enemy in the town of Buenos Ayres, on the 6th of July, 1807: and his majesty entertains no doubt, that had the exertions of his troops in South America been directed by the same skill and energy, which have so eminently distinguished his commanders in other quarters of the world, the result of the campaign would have proved equally glorious to themselves and beneficial to their country.

By command of his royal highness the commander in chief.

HARRY CALVERT,
Major-gen. & adj. gen. of the forces.

Saturday night, mr. Laughlin, of Rathcoole, on his way home from this city, accompanied by three other gentlemen on horseback, fell off his horse into the grand canal, and although every exertion was made to save him, was unfortunately drowned.

BIRTHS.

AT Dublin castle, the right hon. lady Elizabeth Littlehales, of a daughter—In Capel-street, the lady of Edw. Eagle, of a son—In Limerick, the lady of Richard Philips, esq. of a daughter—In Kildare, the lady of major Lindsay, of the royal Tyrone militia, of a son—In Leinster-street, the lady of John Luthington Reilly, esq. of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

AT Cork, on the 25th Janury last, Malachy Callaghan, esq. of Upper Gardiner-street, to miss O'Sullivan, of Knockduff, co. Cork—Mr. Needham, of Longford, to mrs. Kelly, of Whitefriar-street—Mr. Joseph Cook, to miss Curtis, daughter of mr. Stephen Curtit, of Waterford—Wm. Norcott, jun. of Cork, to the widow of the late Henry Parker, esq. of Passage—Captain Coulton, 36th regiment of foot, to miss Catherine Ormsby, youngest daughter of captain Henry Ormsby—Frederick Walker, esq. captain in H. M. royal regt. of artillery, to Annabella, youngest daughter of major Cane, of Dawson-street, in this city—Mr. Thomas Kirk, of this city, to miss Robinson, daughter of mr. Jos. Robinson, builder—In Eccles-street, Thomas Sherlock, esq. to miss Ball, daughter of the late John Ball, esq.—Mr. Henry Cuppage, of Harold's-cross, paper manufacturer, to miss White, of Anderson's court, Greek-street—In Tipperary, Charles Clarke, of Waterford, esq. to miss Letitia Corbett, of Tipperary—Charles Lee, esq. of Oulart, to miss Theresa Goodisson, second daughter of the late Samuel Goodisson, esq. of Garnaduff—William Hope, of Ureland's, county Wicklow, esq. to miss Holmes, of Ardmayle, county Tipperary—Thomas Deringy, of Clobeman, in the co. of Wexford, esq. to miss White, only daughter of James White, of Middleton, esq. in said county—James Daly, esq. of Dunsandle, county Galway, to

Maria

Maria, second daughter of the right hon. sir Skeffington Smith, bart.—At Clover-hill, mr. Finucane, of Cregg, county Clare, to miss O'Connell, daughter of M. O'Connell, of Moreisk, esq.—At Sligo, mr. Robert Barklie, to miss Moran—Nicholas Callen, esq. of Abbey-street, to miss Maguire, of said street—Mr. M. Sullivan, Camden-street, to Mrs. Lasley, of Tighe street—Mr. David Boyd, of Belfast, to miss Patton, daughter of Samuel Patton of Moneyrea—Mr. Henry Bell Bryson, late of Belfast, to mrs. M'Connell, of Bangor—Charles Garde, esq. of Ballindennis, county Cork, to miss Croker, eldest daughter of Henry Croker, esq. of Quartertown, in said county—In Dawson-street, the hon. John Jones, brother of lord viscount Ranelagh, to miss Eliza Cane, second daughter of major Cane—Mr. Robert Satter, of Usher's-quay, brewer, to miss Rainshaw, of Bachelor's-walk——John Knox, of Woodstock, in the county Wicklow, esq. to miss Knox, daughter of John Knox, of Castlerea, in the county of Mayo, esq.——At Lisburn, William Caldbeck, esq. to miss Amy Fulton, daughter of Joseph Fulton, esq.—Mr. Dunkley Jackson, of Baltinglass, in the co. of Wicklow, to miss Spencer, of said place.

DEATHS.

AT the North Camas, county Limerick, Wm. Collins, esq. aged 79—Francis Matchen, aged twelve years, nephew of the late lord Nelson—In Belfast, aged 33, mr. Charles Reilly—In Claremont-street, Thomas Rooke, esq. barrister at law—In Rathkeale, Jonas Leake, esq. attorney—In Britain street, suddenly, lieut. Wm. Bunn, of the 7th West-India regiment—At Harbour-view, near Waterford, Wm. Morris, esq.—At his lodge, at Tramore, Wm. Lane, esq. barrister at law, and vicar-general of the diocese of Waterford, and Lismore—In Mallow, the rev. W. King, many years incumbent of that parish—At his house in Dromanway, Gilbert Melicfont, esq. aged 80 years—In Cork, mrs. Halloran, relict of William Halloran, esq. of Castle Martyr—At Gorey, county of Wexford, Edward Tottenham, esq. surveyor of excise—John M'Clure, of Dunmuery, esq. in the 58th year of his age—Miss Arbella Francis Dundas, in the bloom of youth and beauty, fifth daughter of the rev. H. Dundas, rector of Mullingar, county Westmeath—In the 18th year of his age, lieutenant Thomas N. Christan. At Chipston, Worcestershire, England, lady dowager Ashbrook, relict of the late William lord viscount Ashbrook, of Castle-Darrow, county Kilkenny—At Dundalk, the rev. John Barlow—In Townsend-street, mrs. Frances Watson, 43 years house-keeper to the W. L. hospital—In Cook-street, mr. Richard M'Donnell, proprietor to the calendar—Mr. James M'Cracken, of Dunaight, near Lisburn, aged 102 years; he was temperate and healthful through life, but for a few of his last years underwent a gradual decline in his bodily and mental powers—In Limerick, mrs. Leake, relict of the late mr. H. Leake, of the city of Cork, merchant—Mrs. O'Donoghue, relict of the late Robert O'Donoghue, of Cork, esq.—Mrs. Archer, wife of alderman Archer—In Nassau street, mrs. Henlon, widow of the late mr. Henlon, of said street—In Camden-street, after a long and painful illness, Tobias Purcell, esq. deputy register in the master of the roll's court; a gentleman who, for nearly thirty years, filled the duties of that office with strict impartiality propriety and attention, to the universal satisfaction of the suitors in chancery; he has left a widow and seven children, and a numerous circle of respectable friends, to deplore the loss of a beloved husband, an affectionate father, and an honest man—At Boyle, alderman Philip Allen, paymaster of the city of Cork regiment—At Galway, Martin Burke, architect—At Belfast, mr. Orr—Mr. John Browne, aged 35—In Limerick, James Closter, M. D.—At Rathkeale, county Limerick, mr. D. Kearing—At Cork, aged 12 years, miss M. Nash.

Mr Ruall

The Right Hon.ble
Sir John Newport Bart.